THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Magazine Section of the
Boston Sunday Advertiser
Sunday Sept. 1, 1929

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc.
Great Britain Rights Reserved

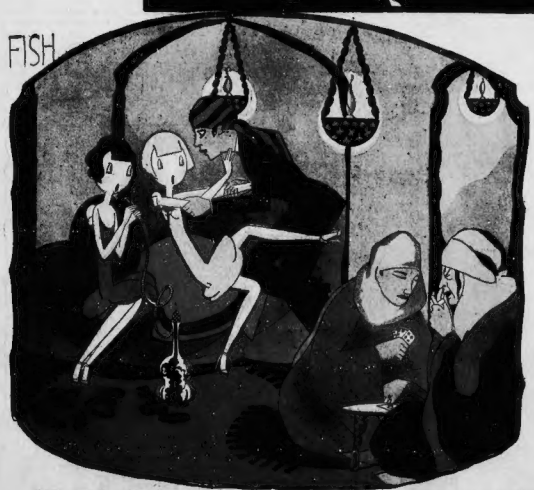
Petty-June Does Europe

Continuing the Diary of Her Adventures After College Days.

by the Brilliant Satirist Fish

1

WE hadn't intended to go to Africa at all, but when we got to Gibraltar we got invited to a military ball, and I guess I sorta made a hit with the darlingest looking guard you ever saw, and he took me out on the balcony and waved dramatically at the orange-red Mediterranean moon with one arm and his other slid around me some way, and he said: "Off there, dear lady, in Africa—gloriously bewitching Africa, alluring, rapturous Africa—is the land of Hannibal and Hamilcar and Robert Hichens and Edith M. Hull."



3

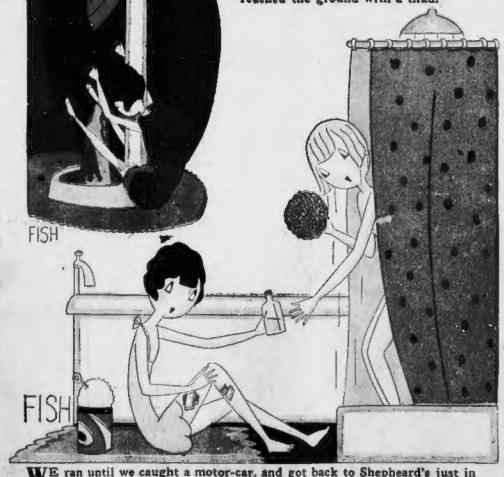
I LOOKED everywhere for sheiks and burnooses and all the Egyptians and Arabs looked so civilized and the camels so mangy (or was it the other way around?). But finally Sid El Akbar came over to join our party, and when I told him how I longed for excitement he said he'd take Gwen and me after we were supposed to be in bed to the native bazaars, where we could smoke hasheesh and see real criminals gamble. So we muffled ourselves in our cloaks and burnooses and crept out the back door to join Sid—which I called him for short.

Copyright, 1929, by American Weekly, Inc.

2 I KNEW E. M. Hull was a famous historian, so I said I would like to go, and he said he was crossing over on a destroyer and would get the Commander to take me, so here we are in Africa, Gwen and the Naval Commander and Hon. Rodney Ronaldshay and me. We had quite a trip before we got to the coast, and then we went on to Cairo and had dinner, of course, at Shepheard's. I wish Gwen wasn't so dumb, but she doesn't act as if she had ever been any place before.

5

I COULDN'T see any other way down, though, and soon Gwen came up, too, pale and frightened back to her senses. We asked a fat, dumb Arab woman if there was a back exit, but she just jabber-jabbered. So we pushed her out of the room, locked the door and dashed to the window. Gwen and I always got "A's" in Gym at Radwell, so we climbed up onto the sill and crept along a ledge until we could jump and just grab a flag-pole. Lucky this isn't 1915, with big skirts and whatnot cluttering up our legs! We slid down the pole and I got three slivers in—in—well, anyway, I got three slivers and Gwen took the skin off both her palms. But we *reached* the ground with a thud.



4 WE went to a den where there were shaded lights and divans and incense and whatnot, and it was all so absolutely darling and spooky. I took a whiff from one long pipe and felt all right in a few minutes, like an airy fairy. Gwen looked to me as if she was twins. Then—Oh, with what shame, Diary, I confess it, and only to you!—Sid got, well, *too* attentive, and his technique was certainly not like any American boy I have known. I excused myself hastily, or rather pulled myself away from this horrid, greasy, nasty sheiky person and ran to the dressing room upstairs.

6 WE ran until we caught a motor-car, and got back to Shepheard's just in time for breakfast. After a bath and change we indulged in some sticking plaster and arnica. We decided travel could be *too* broadening, but we were all glad when the Naval Commander and the Honorable Rodney came down to the breakfast table, and we smiled demurely with our best "Two little maids from school are we" expression. *(To Be Continued)*

Modern Building Forbidden in Rome When Workmen Uncover Ancient Temples

Ancient Tomb of Scipio, Which Has Been Restored, and Which Is Another of the Archeological Works in Rome Ordered Preserved by the Government.

Ancient Temples Excavated in the Largo Argentina, Rome, When Workmen Dug Foundations for a Modern Building. The Structure Was Forbidden, and Now This Glimpse of the Ancient Past Forms a Sort of Park in the Centre of the City, Surrounded by Modern Architecture.

A Colossal Head, Splendidly Preserved and Believed to Represent Bellona, the Roman Goddess of War. It was Found in the Pit Where the Temples Were Uncovered.

ROME.

IN THE centre of the city of Rome there is a zone known as the Largo Argentina. On all sides it is surrounded by business institutions and stores housed in buildings of ultra-modern design. The vacant area, slightly below the ordinary street level has remained bare and something of an eyesore. Its commercial value as a building site has been offset by the huge expense of grading. Even the city traversed the place by means of a viaduct.

Such a site with such business possibilities could not forever remain unused. Some ten months ago an enterprising firm negotiated with the municipal building commission and began clearing a portion of the Largo Argentina. A vast building was projected. On the lower floors were to be offices and shops, and on the upper floors, residential quarters. But this dream of the enterprising corporation was never to be realized, for seven weeks after the laborers had begun to clear the site, a startling discovery was made.

The excavations brought to light the remains of four Roman temples dating from the fifth to the first centuries B.C. One of the temples was covered by the ruins of a medieval Christian church.

As soon as the discovery was reported, the Government issued an order prohibiting any furtherance of the building program, and directed that competent archeologists take charge of the zone and vigorously stimulate the excavations. Under scientific superintendence the excavations were carried on up until a few weeks ago, when Rome celebrated its birthday anniversary. On that holiday the Largo Argentina was officially declared a permanent institution and will remain indefinitely one of Rome's most interesting public exhibits. The building program in that quarter has been abandoned.

The four temples stand in line and some of the original columns are still erect. In their ruins were found a sculptured head of heroic size and believed to represent Bellona. It has not yet been ascertained to what divinities the temples belonged. The floor level is 20 feet below that of the modern streets.

The Government has adopted a broad policy for preservation of ancient sites. One of the most interesting of them is the ancient tomb of Scipio, which recently was restored by order of the state.

Archduke Forced to Sleep With Tramps

BERLIN.

INSIDE the municipal boundaries of the spa at Stromberg, Germany, which lies on the river Mosel, the authorities some years ago turned an old building into a shelter for tramps. So many traveling mendicants and begging hoboes were infesting the spa and worrying its patrons that the city decided to deal with them and forbid them the freedom of the town proper. If down-and-out Weary Willies really needed a meal and a bed, the city would provide them. But the people vacationing at the spa must not be bothered. Such was the rule.

One night recently a tramp eluded the police and made his way into the town. He was bedraggled and dirty, emaciated and unsteady on his feet. His clothing was in shreds. Under his arms, he carried an old violin.

The police found him standing in the gutter, fiddling before a crowd of sympathetic visitors. The man played remarkably well, and several coins had been pitched at his feet. But the police interfered. No beggars or tramps were to be allowed in town.

"Here you!" they shouted to the fiddling tramp, "put that fiddle away and come along."

With a weak smile the tramp, who despite his frailty, appeared no more than 24 years old, obeyed.

"I've never seen you before," a policeman said. "You're a new one around here, eh?"

The tramp nodded.

"I guess that's why you went into town," the officer continued. "Well, are you hungry?"

The tramp assured the policeman that he was pretty nearly starved, but that did not matter a great deal. He was ill and fatigued. He had walked many weary miles. He needed a bed. Food could wait.

But before the vagabond could be given shelter in the tramps' quarters, he had to be docketed. He was taken to a police station where he was asked to give an account of himself.

"What's your name?" an official asked.

The tramp smiled wearily. "Archduke Franz Josef von Hapsburg," he replied. The policeman flushed with anger. "Stop jesting," he commanded. "I want your name." The tramp made a gesture of patient resignation. "I'm the archduke," he insisted. "I don't expect you to believe it, but I have papers here——"

He handed several documents to the officer. The man stared at the tramp, and then, with a new respect in his tone, he asked the other formal questions which are part of the routine. It turned out that the tramp was really the archduke, a member of the famous ruling house of Austria—a veritable royal vagabond. Franz Josef was given shelter in the tramps' house. He refused better quarters, and the next day proceeded to Trier.

He is still wandering in Europe. He has begged in Vienna, in Berlin, and in intervals when he possesses enough money, takes an interest in ethnology. He is the ninth child of the Archduke Salvator, brother of the father of the late Emperor. He prefers being a vagabond to intriguing with his relatives for a royal restoration.

Mlle. Trude Brionne, the Viennese Dancer, Who Has Traveled 25,000 Miles on Her Toes.

The Toes of Mlle. Brionne, Which Lately Have Been Insured for $50,000.

Traveled 25,000 Miles on Her Toes

MLLE. TRUDE BRIONNE, Viennese beauty and dancer, the first professional performer to introduce jazz dancing in her country, was chosen the other day to represent Austria and its dancing at the famous fair at Barcelona, Spain. With her, Mlle. Brionne will take to Spain a remarkable dance record. She will be the only dancer present, it is claimed, who has traveled 25,000 miles on her toes.

The dancer is twenty-six years old and has been a star since she was eight. During her childhood, prior to her professional debut, she practised assiduously, and averaged at least two hours a day on her toes. Since becoming a figure in Vienna's theatrical world, she has maintained that average in her performances. She appears, under normal circumstances, twice a day, and her act and practise keep her on her toes at least 120 minutes each day.

Mlle. Brionne has calculated that the number of steps taken in her dance during one hour is equivalent to walking three miles. By dancing two hours a day, she covers six miles. In five days a week, she covers 30 miles, and in 52 weeks, 1,560 miles. Thus, over a period of eighteen years, her average would be roughly 25,000 miles.

The dancer will carry still another record to the fair. By unanimous agreement of beauty judges in the gay Austrian capital, she is acknowledged the possessor of the most beautiful back. There is no doubt about it, for she has been awarded prizes in competitions three distinct times and in each instance the rivalry was very keen. Vienna is noted for its remarkable beauties and there were many of them in the contests, for winning meant profitable stage engagements. Mlle. Brionne's back has been photographed more than any other feminine back in her country.

In the opinion of the beauty experts, the real test of a woman's physical perfection is the back. A woman can have her face lifted, her nose straightened and otherwise be remodeled nearer to her heart's desire but her back remains the same throughout life just as nature designed it. It is a certain indication of the health and character of the beauty, for upon its symmetry depends her physical well-being, the condition of her lungs and most important to the professional beauty, her poise. Mlle. Brionne attributes her beautiful back to her training as a dancer. Her muscles have been developed to a remarkable degree, and her art keeps her in excellent shape.

Growing Gourds for Bird-Nests, Household Utensils and Pipes

Gourds in Use as Bird-nests. They Particularly Attract Martins.

GROWING gourds for many useful purposes has become quite an interesting occupation in many parts of the country. But one of the principal usages to which gourds are being put is the construction of bird-nests. The gourds can be grown in any part of the country, and serve this particular purpose admirably. All that is necessary is to cut a hole in the side of the gourd, scoop out the seeds, dry it to hardness, and hang it up in a suitable place outdoors. The hole provides a door for the bird house.

Bird houses are commonly constructed as miniatures of human dwellings. But birds do not care for domiciles of that pattern, and rarely occupy them. Gourds suit them first-rate.

In the Southeastern States groups of gourds put up for birds' nests, wired to dead tree limbs or to cross-arms on a pole, are a common sight. Most of them are tenanted in the breeding season.

The government Biological Survey, anxious to encourage the breeding of wild birds, recommends the use of gourds for nests. Being weatherproof, they are well suited for nesting quarters.

Gourds are annual plants. In our Northern States they can be readily grown—even the huge ones called "calabashes"—by planting the seeds in pots, indoors, in early Spring, and transplanting them to outdoors when warm weather comes.

The size of the gourd should be in proportion to the size of the bird invited. The entrance door should be well above the bottom of the gourd, so as to provide plenty of space for nesting material, and to prevent the fledgling birds from leaving the nest prematurely.

To insure a variety of bird tenants, the entrance holes should be of various sizes. For wrens the hole should be one inch in diameter; for chickadees, very slightly larger; for the downy woodpecker, tufted titmouse, and white-breasted nuthatch, just a little bigger. For the bluebird, hairy woodpecker, and tree swallow, it should have a diameter of one and a half inches; for the crested fly-catcher and starling, two inches, and for the flicker and purple martin, two and a half inches.

In the Southern States gourds are in general use as household utensils, particularly for drinking cups, dippers, and water-containers. Sometimes they are even employed for cooking. The "dish-rag gourd" has a fibrous interior which is used for scrubbing.

Gourds of the calabash kind grow to huge size, and are often of odd and grotesque shapes. Some of them are seven feet long. A single one has been known to weigh eighty pounds.

Gourds Growing on a Fence and Affording an Unusual Sort of Decoration.

A Pipe Made of a Gourd. Any Kind of a Stem Can Be Used.

A Gourd Made Into a Dipper—a Very Serviceable Utensil for the Farm.

© 1928, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

From "Follies" Beauty to Flipping Flapjacks

Lottie Vernon, Once in the Front Line of Broadway's Most Famous Show Girls, Explains How and Why She Has Reversed the Usual Path and Stepped Down From Her Former Pinnacle of Glory to Service in a Lunch Room

Lottie Vernon as a "Follies" Girl, and Recent Photograph of the Former "Follies" Girl Cooking Flapjacks in Her Restaurant Kitchen.

Miss Arline Chase, Who Left the "Follies" to Pursue the Less Picturesque Career of Running a Tea Room.

Miss Anne Caldwell, Former "Follies" Girl, Who Won $50,000 in a Breach of Promise Suit and Decided to Use It to Establish Herself as a Dressmaker.

Miss Fay Marbe, Who Is Studying Law Nights After the Show and Intends to Be a Woman Lawyer When Her Stage Career Ends.

"All that goes up must come down."—*Proverb.*

IN the flurry among New York City's waitresses, caused by Rose Mariella's promotion recently from a flapjack flipper to the "Follies," it was discovered that Lottie Vernon, one of the most famous of the "Follies" beauties and a member of the "Florodora Sextet," is flipping 'em in a cafeteria, just across the river at Long Island City.

So the cycle is completed and the restaurant business broke even on that exchange. It takes three generations for men to go from "shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves," but a woman can do it in one. Curiously enough both girls are happy. Rose, of course, is delighted in her new and unexpected glory, but Lottie, having had nineteen years' fling as a show girl, is now contented with the simple life of a cafeteria.

In her prime she not only cooked nothing and dined at Delmonico's and Rector's, but, for many years, so great was her fame that, when she entered, it was customary for the orchestra to salute the beauty with "Tell Me Pretty Maiden," the theme song of "Florodora."

Lottie was a reigning beauty in the old days of Broadway, and she was guest of honor at many a historic banquet by such extravagant spenders as Diamond Jim Brady and his equally reckless rival, L. V. Bell. For eight years Lottie Vernon was in the shining ranks of the "Follies," and the newspapers called her "the darling of the gods." How popular she was can be seen from many an old newspaper file. One chatty journalist writes:

"The Misses Lottie Vernon and May Hopkins are said to lead an exciting race for the army of stage-door Johnnies, who are hovering about the Colonial Theatre alley. These two young women, they say, have engaged in a series of wagers as to the largest number of automobiles which will be waiting at the exit each night."

All these wealthy gentlemen were blocking traffic in the hope of holding the same hand that now contentedly fries eggs and flips flapjacks. Now if she enters the door of the "Our Pantry Cafeteria" many minutes after 7 a. m. no orchestra salutes her, but a voice more likely asks:

"What's the idea of being so late?"

Will Rose Mariella, twenty years from now, be flipping 'em at an hour when stage beauties are usually just going to bed and will she be contented, like Lottie?

Not many can call Lottie down, for she is part proprietress. Some of the time she works "back stage," as she calls it, preparing food. At other times she is to be seen "in the front of the house," serving such guests as want service. Men fall to at a plate of beef and beans that she has laid before them, as prosaically as if it had been put there by an ordinary waitress, instead of a "Florodora Sextet" and "Follies" celebrity.

Often she acts as cashier, and customers pay their money to a "Follies" girl, which is nothing extraordinary, but they get change back, which is. Then they grab a toothpick and shuffle off to work, unconscious that anything remarkable has occurred. And, yes; it has actually happened—this "Follies" beauty has been tipped with a thin dime. What would Diamond Jim Brady, John Dewar, the great English distiller, and Lord Acton Wellesley think of that if they were alive to read about it?

Lottie's stage career began within sight of the cafeteria where it ended, and it began with a painful but valuable experience which taught her never to trust anyone until she knew all about him. In 1900, Lottie Vernon, whose real name is Schmidt, and some other Long Island City girls took dancing and singing lessons from two theatrical oldtimers, the Constantine brothers. The lessons were conducted in an amateur spirit, and encouraged by parents, who wanted their daughters to be charming. But one day the Constantines suggested that the class by way of a graduating exercise should display its gifts in public.

They would put on a little show and the cost to each pupil would be $100. The aggregate sum was to be placed in the hands of the teachers, who would see to all the arrangements. This proposition was reported in a score of homes and with various degrees of cheerfulness the proud parents accepted it. When the class next met, each girl brought with her $100, hard earned in most cases, and the money changed hands. A week went by. The day of meeting arrived and the pupils presented themselves at the hall where the lessons were usually given. But the hall was closed. There was no sign of the Constantines.

The girls went slowly home and soon reappeared at high speed, towed by angry fathers and mothers. Door bells were rung up and down the street, and it developed that the dancing teachers had not been seen for a week. They had left no forwarding address. The neighborhood was out of pocket about $2,000, which would have bought a lot of groceries in those days.

Among the most diligent of the bell-ringers was Lottie's mother, because her husband, in giving up the $100, had prophesied that something like this would happen. In her search she met a Mrs. Taliaferro, who had two daughters on the stage and ran a theatrical booking agency. Mrs. Taliaferro listened to Mrs. Schmidt's uncomplimentary sentiments about the stage, but all the time she was looking at little Lottie. When the swindled mother finally ran out of breath, the other woman told her that she could get the girl on to the stage and that Lottie would win back that lost hundred and many more. This prophesy was abundantly fulfilled. Like many another pair of parents who have produced a "Follies" girl, this couple lived the rest of their lives on her earnings—and that was not all.

Within a month the seventeen-year-old maiden had made her first appearance in the chorus of "The Singing Girl." Her salary was $18 a week, equivalent to at least twice that today, and soon Papa Schmidt had his $100 back. The tights she wore confused and embarrassed Lottie, not while she was on the stage and a multitude were staring at her, but when she was off stage awaiting her cue and only one or two were looking.

The "Singing Girl," with Alice Neilson starring, went to London and there Lottie had her first real experience with stage-door Johnnies. One of them was John Dewar, fifty years old, a millionaire manufacturer of whiskey; the other, an English peer, Lord Acton Wellesley.

John Dewar in spite of his age was a lusty and impetuous man. When he fell in love he fell with a bang. And this is exactly what happened when he saw Lottie Vernon, in the full bloom of her seventeen years, trying modestly to conceal her betighted extremities behind a bit of scenery. He loaded her with jewelry; he wanted to educate her in Paris. The lavishness of his dinners in her honor became a legend. On Sundays he drove her to his country seat in a coach and four. And then one night he told her plainly why he was doing all these things—so plainly that he frightened her. Becoming hysterical, she tore off the jewelry he had given her, and ran away.

As she recalls the incident today, seated in her tiny apartment, turning the pages of her scrapbook, she says: "I thought I was pretty wise then. But you can never tell."

Lord Acton Wellesley, who somehow managed to accommodate his wooing schedule to that of his wealthier rival, had what are called "honorable intentions." He actually asked Lottie to marry him. He had to be that reckless because he lacked the money to match Mr. Dewar's financial recklessness. The girl refused the title because she didn't love him, a consideration that does not enter into modern deals for titles much. Had she become Lady Wellesley it is safe to say that she would never have done anything to a flapjack but eat it.

As it was those two rivals scared her so with their pursuit that she left the company and returned to America. The loving old gentlemen pursued her right to her parents' modest home, where it took the united front of herself, her father, mother and brother to convince them that they were wasting time and send them back to England.

After these events, Lottie Vernon's life assumed a more normal speed. From "The Singing Girl" she went to "The Fortune Teller," another Alice Neilson play. Her salary jumped from eighteen to thirty dollars a week when she began to understudy May Vokes in Frank Daniels' show, "The Tattooed Man." In 1903, she received the high honor of being selected by Fisher and Riley to sing in the "Florodora" Sextet. "Florodora" played for two years and between 1904 and 1908, Lottie changed plays so many times that she finds it hard to remember them. She does remember, however, that the highest mark reached by her salary was $150 a week during a short vaudeville engagement with Bert Levy in a skit called "The Artist and the Model."

In 1908 she was playing with Weber and Fields in "The Soul Kiss." The "Follies," which had made its first appearance the year before, was on the roof of the same theatre where "The Soul Kiss" was playing. One day the "Follies" management happened to see Lottie Vernon on the stage and a short time later she moved, up in the theatrical world to the roof. The next eight years saw as many changes as had the preceding, but now they were all "Follies" changes. She remained with that galaxy until 1916.

Lottie's mother died in 1914, her father, in 1920, and her younger brother, in 1924. She was the sole support of these people from 1902, when her salary was raised to $30 a week, until their deaths.

About this time her brother Victor became seventeen years old, just the age at which Lottie had begun to be a breadwinner. Victor celebrated the occasion by doing the reverse, bringing home without notice a bride, five years older than himself and hopefully suggesting that it would only mean one more plate at the table. Clara, the bride, looked so pathetic that the Schmidt family took her in and from then on, she too lived on the show girl's salary.

Some of Lottie's admirers showed their affection and intentions in strange ways. For instance, there was a Mr. Meyers, an Australian, whom she met when the "Follies" were playing Philadelphia. He was a peculiar, secretive sort of man; all she ever knew about him was that he sold stocks. He never mentioned love or marriage, but would sit beside her silently for a long time. Then he began giving her jewelry—brooches, rings, necklaces. In a year he gave her more precious stones than she had seen since the days of John Dewar. He gave her these presents without explanation, merely asking what she thought of them, and telling her absentmindedly to keep them. He decided to furnish an apartment for Lottie and her mother.

On the strength of this generous suggestion the Schmidts gave their furniture to Victor and his wife, and thought they were rid of them. On the night before the Schmidt family was to move, Mr. Meyers brought Lottie home from the theatre, bade her sit beside him, and in a strange tone asked if she loved him. As he had never mentioned the subject before, the girl was surprised, and her response was a giggle. Mr. Meyers evidently thought that sufficient answer. Reaching for his hat, he departed and never was seen again. The Schmidts had to have their old furniture back and Victor and his wife came with it.

There was "Lucky" John Smith who followed two things, the races and "Florodora." He would take as many girls as would come to see him plunge on the races, sometimes winning or losing several hundred thousand dollars in an afternoon. He had almost won Lottie, but just at the psychological moment he vanished for a few weeks causing the girl to make anxious investigations of him. On his return, he tried to resume the wooing where he had left off but Lottie had discovered that he had a wife. John said:

"Sure, but I was going to divorce her first."

"Don't bother," said Lottie and John faded from the picture, not so lucky.

In 1919 while playing Mrs. Potash, in "Potash and Perlmutter," Lottie was madly courted by H. J. Martin, a sixty-year-old California millionaire, but he was too old. Not long ago, while cooking special dishes to tempt the palate of an old "Follies" friend, Mae Paul, who was dying of consumption, she met Miss Josephine Weller who had been a lunch room manager. The two went into partnership, starting their cafeteria on Jackson avenue, within sight of the spot where Lottie's home had been for so many years. There are no stage-door Johnnies, but the ladies are making money, so they should worry.

Of course, a "Follies" girl's youthful face and figure do not endure forever, and not all of them marry Wall Street multi-millionaires. Arline Chase left the "Follies" to start a tea room; Anne Caldwell planned a modiste's shop with the $50,000 heart balm awarded her by the jury in her breach of promise suit against John W. Hubbard, the Pittsburgh "Shovel King." But strangest of all is Fay Marbe, who is studying law in the early morning hours after the show, and plans to be a woman lawyer when her stage career closes.

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Modern Amazons Training For Careers As Professional Boxers

Irene Wilson, of New York City, Who Plans to Open Her Own Gymnasium to Teach Women the Manly Art of Self-Defense.

Miss Wilson Sparring With Her Trainer, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Who Says His Pupil's Speed and Skill Surpasses That of Many Men He Has Taught to Box.

Miss Bobby Burns, of Baltimore, Landing a Heart Punch on Sylvan Bass, Husky Lightweight. Miss Burns Is Woman's Champion of the Olympia Athletic Club and Seeks Permission to Box Both Men and Women of Her Weight.

Bobby Burns in Fighting Pose.

When She Boxes With Men She Asks No Quarter Because of Her Sex.

IN THIS day of rampant feminism women have established themselves in almost every business and profession that, not so many years ago, were looked upon as the peculiar province of the male. There are women judges, women bank presidents, women aviation pilots, women divers, women police officers.

Anti-feminists, seeing women break into one calling after another formerly monopolized by men, pointed to the strenuous game of professional boxing as one masculine stronghold that women could never "crash" because of the physical and temperamental limitations imposed upon them by nature.

But even the rigors of a ring career have not intimidated at least two women who recently broke into the news because of their extraordinary skill as boxers and their intention to take up boxing professionally.

One of these women—Miss Bobby Burns of Baltimore—recently applied to the State Athletic Commission of Maryland for permission to meet all comers in the featherweight class. And the commission turned her down with the explanation that she is not physically fit to indulge in professional bouts.

Miss Burns, whose real name is Mrs. Anna May Rees, is the widow of a former pugilist, and the mother of two children. After her rejection she promptly went into serious training, and intends to go before the Commission again in such vigorous physical condition that they cannot deny her right to fight on that score.

"I have been boxing since I was twelve years old," says Bobby, "and have often swapped punches with men many pounds heavier than myself. I always insisted that they mustn't pull their punches because I am a woman, and I see no reason, from my experience, why women who have the physique and temperament for boxing should not succeed in the ring as they have in other professions."

The other woman, who is just now attracting attention because of her ability with the gloves, is Miss Irene Wilson, of New York City. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the trainer of Miss Wilson, says that his pretty blonde pupil is a natural boxer, and has mastered the principal tricks that professional boxers use in the ring.

Irene feels confident, because of her experience in boxing with O'Brien and other men who train at his gymnasium, that she could safely match her skill with male boxers of her weight. She admits, however, that she is not as strong as the average man of her poundage, and that she would have to depend on her speed and skill to win over a huskier adversary.

Miss Wilson does not plan, for the present at least, to enter the ring as a professional boxer, but expects to open her own gymnasium to teach the manly art of self-defense to other women.

"I believe," says Miss Wilson, "that the present generation of women are stronger and more athletic than the women of any other period in history, and that the time has come when they can properly indulge in boxing, not only as an aid to health and grace, but as a means of self-defense. Self-reliance is the motto of the modern girl and to be thoroughly self-reliant a girl has got to know how to defend herself if the necessity arises."

Bobby Burns, although she, too, is interested in teaching other women to box, has her heart set on a ring career and prefers to fight men, although she would engage in bouts with female challengers.

"The Athletic Commission's refusal to let me fight," says the Baltimore woman, "has made me more determined than ever to follow boxing as a career and I am working hard to get in the best of physical condition.

"During the day I work from eight to twelve hours hammering and grinding piston rings, and this is helping to build up my physique. On my free time I punch the bag, do road work, skip rope to strengthen the muscles of my legs and make me more agile, shadow box and get in a little actual boxing with friends of mine in the fight game."

Bobby's husband was a professional boxer, and later a boxing promoter, and from him she learned a great deal about the art of self-defense. Experts who have seen her in exhibition bouts say that she fights like a man, and that she is, clearly, no novice who knows little about the game she wants to take up as a profession.

It is Miss Burns' hope that she can make enough in the fight game to comfortably support herself and her children—Sonny and Evelyn—and give them a good home and a liberal education.

In spite of the fact that she's a skilful boxer, Bobby Burns has nothing of the "tough" about her. She is feminine in appearance and manner, and neither boasts or apologizes for her unusual ambition. Like retired heavyweight champion Tunney, she goes in for classic literature, and has written some creditable verse.

Hoax Or Famous Scout's Pet?

NOT the least important episode in the historical lore of Veedersburg, Ind., is the story of how Daniel Boone, famous scout, Indian fighter, woodsman, hunter and pioneer trail breaker, passed through what is now that town in 1760. He was, so the story goes, exploring and hunting, and was accompanied by a band of friendly Indians.

That's why the citizens of Veedersburg and the surrounding country recently got all excited when Ralph Lyons, a farmer, found a turtle with "D. Boone 1760" etched in crude letters on its under shell. It was believed that Lyons had, by rare chance, come upon a genuine relic verifying the somewhat sketchy account of Boone's visit to the vicinity nearly 170 years ago. The letters scratched on the turtle were accepted by many of the townsfolk as the handiwork of Boone, himself, done when that character celebrated in history, was a young man of 26 years.

Other citizens of Veedersburg were more skeptical of Farmer Lyons' find and were not ready to believe that the turtle had the slightest connection with Boone or his supposed visit to Indiana in the heyday of his youth.

The turtle, they pointed out, is only six inches long and four inches wide and could not be old enough to have been paddling around the streams of Veedersburg more than a century and a half ago. Someone else, born many years after Boone died in 1820, did the carving in the opinion of these doubters of the authenticity of the discovery.

Inquiries failed to find anyone in Veedersburg or vicinity by the name of D. Boone who might have made a pet of the turtle and scratched his name on the shell of the animal as proof of ownership. This fact seemed to lend weight to the theory of the believers that the turtle really belonged to the great Boone, but inspired the doubters to hold up Farmer Lyons' discovery as nothing more historically valuable than an amusing hoax.

It was even hinted that someone in the neighborhood, knowing the story of Boone's visit in 1760, had very recently turned turtle engraver, etched the inscription on the reptile and put it in a place where it would be picked up to confound the finder and become the centre of an interesting if empty conjecture.

Until it is definitely established how long a turtle of the type found lives it will not be known whether it is possible for the reptile to have been alive in 1760. Some species of giant sea turtles are known to have life spans of two centuries and certain land turtles attain an age of more than 500 years. At any rate, the so-called "Boone turtle," if it was alive in 1760, must have been very small at that time. At the moment, no one knows whether Mr. Lyons' interesting capture is a genuine relic of a great pioneer or the work of an unknown jokester.

Turtle Recently Found at Veedersburg, Indiana, With "D. Boone, 1760," Etched on Its Shell. History Records That Boone Visited Indiana in 1760, but Whether the Famous Pioneer Really Carved the Inscription Is the Subject of an Interesting Controversy.

A Woman Pianist Being Tested by the Emotion-Recording Machine. A Pneumatic Belt Registers the Changes in Chest Circumference, and Pneumatic Cuffs Around the Upper Arms Record Changes in Muscle Tension. Rhythm of Respiration Is Taken Through Another Tube Attached to the Mouth and Nose.

Machine That Registers Pianist's Emotions

DR. KURT JOHANN is one of the best teachers of piano in Germany. And one of the busiest. Yet he has found time to invent a machine that registers with uncanny accuracy the emotional reactions of his pupils to the compositions they play.

This device, which looks like nothing so much as a glorified typewriter with long rubber tubes coming out of it, like the tentacles of an octopus, reveals the emotions of a piano player, not directly, but through the physical manifestation of his emotions through his breathing and muscle tension. So successful was the machine in its first tests that Dr. Johann was awarded a patent on it.

The German musician conceived the idea for his unique invention several years ago, when he sought some way to analyze the emotional attitude of his pupils with a view to speeding up their progress and improving their technique.

In many cases he was able, merely by observing and applying his own keen knowledge of human nature, to show student pianists how to rid themselves of mixed-up emotions that hampered their playing and to build up logical emotional reactions in those whose playing was too unfeeling and mechanical.

But Dr. Johann was not satisfied with his uncertain methods of analysis and began work on the machine he recently patented. Being something of a psychologist, he knew that the emotions express themselves by physical means and that in a pianist the principal methods of emotional expression are found in the changing tension of the muscles of the arms and hands and in the rhythm of breathing.

So his objective was to make a machine that would record changes in muscle tension and in the rhythm of respiration. He made a pneumatic belt to go around the chest of the piano player and two pneumatic cuffs to encircle the upper arms. Another rubber hose was attached to a soft pad to be fitted over the mouth and nose of the subject.

Tubes running from these attachments to the body were connected with a machine that registered graphically every change in the muscle tension of the arms while the subject was playing, every change in the circumference of the chest and the shifting rhythm of the rate of breathing.

As a basis for his deductions Dr. Johann recorded the reactions of some of the most skilful pianists in Germany to many compositions written in various moods and measured his own reactions on his invention. He learned the exact action of the arm muscles and the lungs of the best pianists during the playing of sonatas, lullabies, stirring marches, tender love ballads, gay dances. And he used these recordings as a criterion for those registered by his pupils.

Moving Ancient Jail 3,000 Miles

THE citizens of the peaceful little village of Linyfield, in Surrey, England, are excited and incensed because their most treasured landmark—a stone cage-prison more than 500 years old—has been sold to an American millionaire and will soon be taken down stone by stone for shipment to the United States.

This little jail is exactly as it was back in the 15th century and has long been the chief attraction to draw tourists to Linyfield. The lore connected with the squat, weatherbeaten structure would fill a volume and everyone in the community knows this lore by heart.

It may be that the stirring and sometimes horrible tales centering about the ancient landmark have lost nothing in being passed down from father to son for many generations. But it is certain that the dank, dark interior of the place has been the setting for many a moving tragedy.

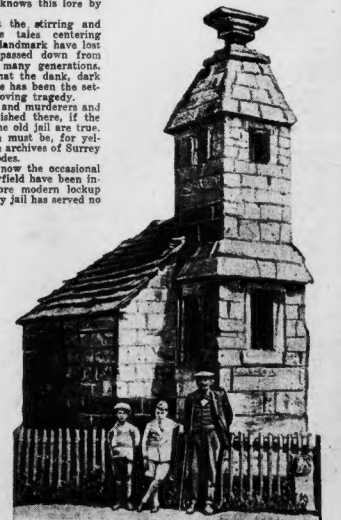
Earls and Dukes and murderers and bandits have languished there, if the stories told about the old jail are true. And many of them must be, for yellowed records in the archives of Surrey attest to such episodes.

For many years now the occasional lawbreakers in Linyfield have been incarcerated in a more modern lockup and the 15th century jail has served no more useful purpose than that of an historical showplace for residents of the community to talk about and inquisitive tourists to look at and hear about.

It was about a year ago that an American millionaire traveling through Surrey stopped at Linyfield and was shown the mouldering edifice that is the community's pride. As he walked around the building and ventured into the musty half-light of its interior, a self-appointed informant related an alluring if sketchy history of the building.

The story interested the millionaire, who could see that the building was, without doubt, as old as his guide said it was, and a great rarity not only for its traditions but for its form and crude but sturdy construction. He imagined it set up on the broad acres of his estate in America and, before he went on his way, is said to have made a proposition to the proper persons in Linyfield.

Some time after the rich American's departure the news got around that he had bought the prison and that it was soon to be taken down stone by stone and shipped to Liverpool and from there across the Atlantic, there to be put together again exactly as it stands on the spot where it was erected 500 years ago.

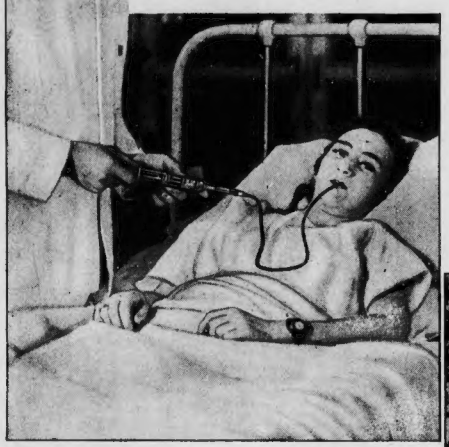


Historic Cage Prison in Linyfield, England, Which Has Been Sold to an American Millionaire and Will Be Taken Down Stone by Stone, Brought to America, and Carefully Put Together Again.

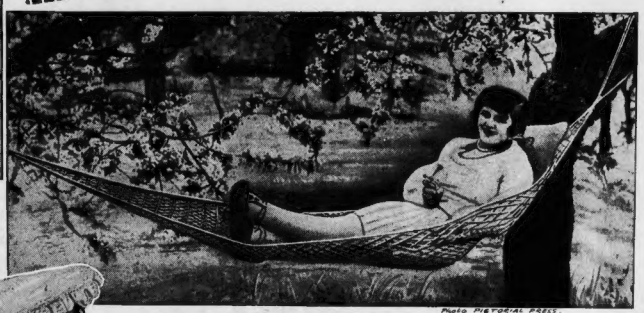
© 1926, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Astonishing Discoveries About Seasickness, Stomach-ache and Pain

When You Are Nauseated, It Is the Oesophagus High Up in the Throat Which Raises All the Disturbance, Not Your Stomach; Internal Organs Have No Sense of Feeling, but Stretching Causes Acute Distress

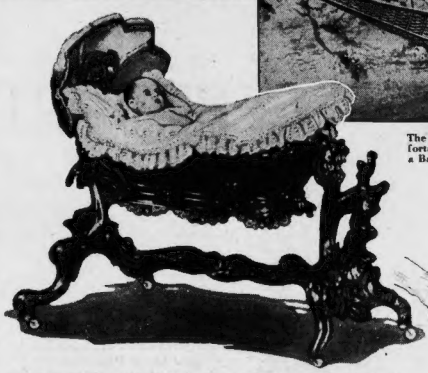


Photograph of an Interesting Experiment With a Girl's Digestive System. The Physician Is Withdrawing Partly Digested Food by Means of a Stomach Pump.



The Woman in the Hammock Looks Perfectly Comfortable, but If She Were Vigorously Rocked, as Is a Baby in a Cradle, She Would Probably Experience the Same Sensation as Seasickness.

Photo Pictorial Press.



A Baby Is Rocked to Sleep by the Motion of the Cradle, and Does Not Suffer Nausea From the Stretching of Its Internal Organs Because They Are Lighter and More Elastic Than Those of Adults.

THE internal organs feel no pain if they are touched or handled, or even if the surgeon sticks a knife into them, but they dislike being stretched. That is the only thing that makes them painful or uncomfortable. "Heart burn," and the still more familiar sensation of a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach, are examples of what happens when some part of the human internal machinery is stretched beyond its normal elasticity. When something that has been eaten "lies heavy on the stomach" that is another example of a stretch in the wrong place. Still another stretch of internal tissues, this time in the muscles of the heart, may produce a one-sided heart-failure, usually not fatal, and which can be cured, temporarily at least, by making a roaring noise like a bull.

These are only a few of the surprising and revolutionary conclusions reached by two brilliant English physiologists, Dr. E. P. Poulton and Dr. W. W. Payne, of the famous Guy's Hospital in London, who have been swallowing rubber bags part way down their digestive systems, distending these bags with water or air and recording the sensations experienced, as well as the contractions or relaxations of the throat, stomach or other internal organ which happened for the moment to be the repository of the experimental, but indigestible, meal.

Some of the most interesting of the conclusions of Dr. Poulton and Dr. Payne, described recently in Dr. Poulton's Oliver Sharpey Lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians of London, are those which deal with the ancient plague of seasickness, and which offer a new explanation for it, as well as for the similar condition of car-sickness which some people experience on railway trains and even for the momentary feeling of discomfort which a few people feel when in a rapidly-moving elevator in a tall office building.

In these instances, as in the matter of the more universal stomach-aches, the English physiologists trace the troubles to unnatural and unwanted stretches in the tubes and sacks that compose the digestive system. The reason that babies do not suffer from seasickness probably is, Dr. Poulton and Dr. Payne believe, because the internal organs of the babies are lighter and also more elastic than those of adults.

The method used in the experiments is simple enough, although no one would call it very pleasant. Dr. Poulton and Dr. Payne have joined the long list of scientific men whose devotion led them to experiment on their own bodies, for it was the investigators themselves who swallowed the water-filled and air-filled bags, producing what might be called an artificial indigestion.

When one of the rubber-bag tests was to be made the experimenter swallowed the bag, attached to a small rubber tube, much as tubes are attached to similar bags which are to be blown up with air to make the toy balloons sold to children at the circus. Placed at the desired distance down the throat or in the stomach or even, in some of the experiments, beyond the stomach in the beginning of the intestine, this bag was then blown up to the desired size or pressure either by air, which is compressible, or by water, which is not. Connected with the bag, through the rubber tube used to introduce the air or water, was an instrument able to record, second by second, the pressure in the bag.

If then the stomach or throat or other organ where the bag was placed made any contractions, as the heart contracts when it beats, these contractions were recorded, both in length and in amount, by the instrument recording the pressure. At the same time, the experimenter made a record, usually on the same chart holding the pressure record, of any sensations, painful or otherwise, which he felt.

Physiologists have long known that pains like stomach-ache cannot be due to ordinary pain in the lining or coats of the stomach, for these tissues feel no pain. Centuries ago the great William Harvey, the English physician who discovered the circulation of the blood, examined and reported an instance in which the heart of a living patient had become exposed through a hole in the chest wall made by an ulcer. Touching the membranes around this exposed heart, Dr. Harvey found that the patient felt no pain, not even a sense of touch. Surgeons have confirmed this observation many times since that famous observation.

Dr. Poulton and Dr. Payne agree that the internal organs do not possess ordinary touch sensations or pain sensations. These are felt, the two physiologists admit, only by sets of special nerve endings situated in the skin and underneath it, much as the sensation of sight is felt only by the special nerve endings in the eye or the sensation of hearing only by other special nerve endings in the inner part of the ear.

But Dr. Poulton and Dr. Payne do not believe that the absence of these special touch nerves and pain nerves from the stomach and other internal organs means that these organs are left entirely without nerves to indicate danger. They possess, the two Englishmen believe, another set of sensation nerves, quite distinct from the touch and pain nerves, just as the nerves of ear or eye are distinct from all the others. It is these special nerves of the internal organs, adapted to detect stretch rather than pressure or any other stimulus, which are responsible for most of mankind's internal pain, they believe, and also for three special sensations recognized as typical and distinct.

These three sensations, to be regarded as a group and just as different from all other sensations as are sight and hearing and touch from each other, are nausea, the first stage to heart-burn and the sinking sensation at the pit of one's stomach. All three are due, the English physiologists believe, to stretches in the walls of the stomach or in the long muscular tube called the oesophagus, which reaches from the back part of the mouth to the stomach and through which food is swallowed.

The feeling of nausea is very difficult for the sufferer himself to localize. It seems to occur all over the body, with an indefinite relation to the stomach. Dr. Poulton and Dr. Payne have pinned it down more specifically. It is due to an unusual stretch in the upper part of the oesophagus, just below the part of the throat used jointly for breathing and for swallowing.

If this upper part of the oesophagus, in the throat and inside the neck, is stretched mildly by a distended bag inside it, the sensation of nausea is produced. If the stretch is increased pain appears also. If the fibers of the oesophagal wall are stretched still more violently the pain persists, but is usually felt in the stomach instead of in the throat. The nausea disappears.

The act of swallowing often relieves either the pain or the nausea, at least temporarily, and Drs. Poulton and Payne believe that this is because swallowing contracts the muscle fibers in the walls of the oesophagus and thus relieves, temporarily, the stretch on the walls themselves.

If the rubber bag, instead of being held in the upper part of the oesophagus, next to the throat, is placed lower down, close to the point where the oesophagus enters the stomach, the preliminary sensation caused by a mild stretch is not that of nausea. Instead it is the sensation long known to physicians under the name of "globus" or the "ball"; the familiar sensation that feels as though a globe of something solid or a distended bubble of gas were held firmly in one's stomach.

When the offending rubber bag is blown up to a still larger size and pressure in this location, this "globus" sensation acts precisely as does the sensation of nausea, produced in the same way by distension and stretching higher in the oesophagus tube. It is converted into pain, closely resembling the conventional "heart burn" and probably identical with it.

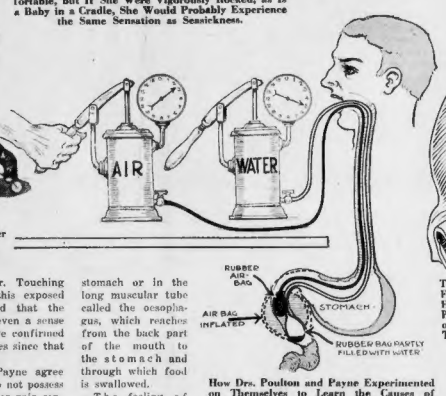
The third sensation, that of a "sinking feeling" at the pit of the stomach, has been traced by similar experiments to a stretch in the walls of the stomach itself. This, too, is a mild and preliminary sensation, when the supposed sensitive nerve endings in the stomach wall have been stretched more than usual, but not with extreme tension. As the tension is increased, whether by the artificial rubber bag or by something that has gone wrong with the stomach itself, this sinking sensation also passes over gradually into the familiar stomach pains.

Once those ideas of sensations due to stretch of the stomach or of the oesophagus are understood, the new theory of seasickness becomes obvious. The rise and fall of the ship is apt, the physiologists believe, to stretch the upper part of the oesophagus, just as a piece of rubber hose would be stretched if one fastened a weight to its lower end and then shook the hose up and down violently. In the human body the upper end of the oesophagus is attached to the bony framework of the neck. The weight at its lower end is supplied by the stomach. Each drop of the ship naturally stretches the tube, apparently most violently and most quickly in its upper part. This stretch in that particular region causes nausea.

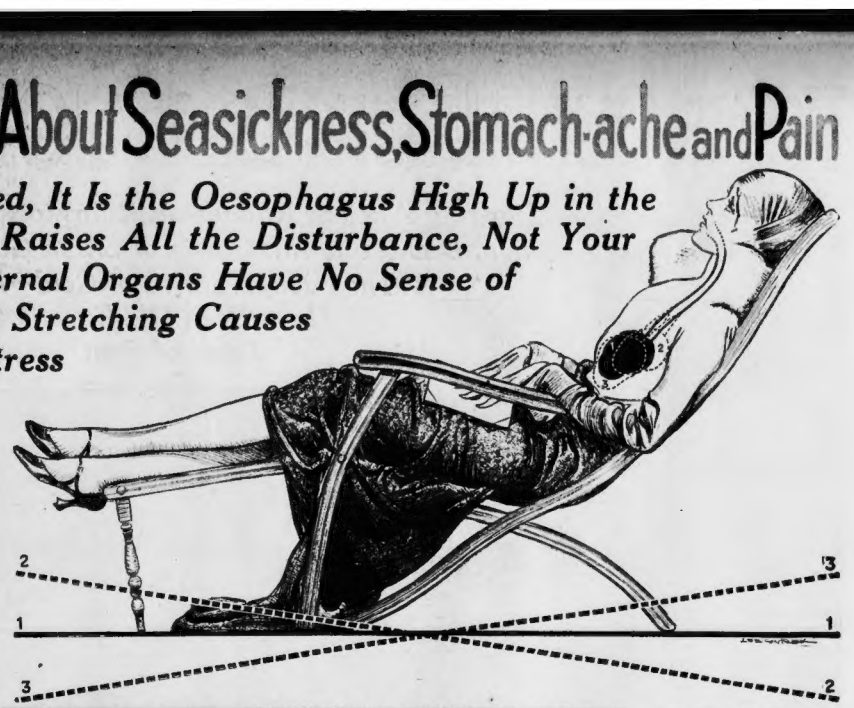
As the condition continues, general digestion is interfered with. Dr. Poulton and Dr. Payne believe, and all the other symptoms of seasickness appear. It is obvious that car-sickness or elevator sickness or air sickness in a balloon can be caused, in the same way, by stretches which the motion produces in the proper part of the oesophagus.

Perhaps the most interesting application of the ideas of Dr. Poulton and Dr. Payne is, however, to the matter of the heart. The unbearable, spasmodic pain felt at intervals in the disease called angina pectoris may perhaps be due, they believe, to an accidental distension of one side of the heart by too much blood: a kind of one-sided heart failure.

If both sides of the heart-pump failed, the victim would die. If only one side fails, the other side can keep things going for a while until the idle side recovers. But meanwhile the failed side is distended, the two-physiologists believe, by the extra blood. This stretches its tissues, they imagine, affects nerve endings like those in the oesophagus and stomach and causes the agonizing pain of this disease. To roar with a loud noise often relieves the paroxysm, they find; doubtless because the sharp contraction of the chest drives the extra blood out of the distended side of the heart and relieves the painful stretch on the nerve endings which its tissues contain.

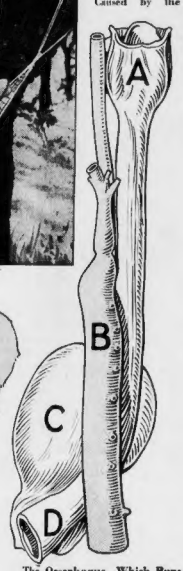


How Drs. Poulton and Payne Experimented on Themselves to Learn the Causes of Nausea, Heartburn, Stomach-ache and Kindred Ills. Hollow Rubber Bags Were Dropped Down Their Throats Through the Stomach to the Intestines. These Bags Were Then Inflated With Air, Which Is Compressible, and With Water, Which Is Not. The Stretching of the Digestive Organs Was Carefully Recorded and Many New Facts About Our Internal Organs Discovered.



WHY WE ARE SEASICK.

Science Learns That Seasickness Is Caused by the Stretching of the Oesophagus, Which Connects the Mouth and the Stomach, by the Motion of the Ship's Roll. This Sketch Shows the Normal Position of the Stomach, and the Shifting of This Organ, Due to the Motion of the Deck, as Indicated by Dotted Lines 2 and 3. The Stomach Acts as a Weight on the End of the Oesophagus.

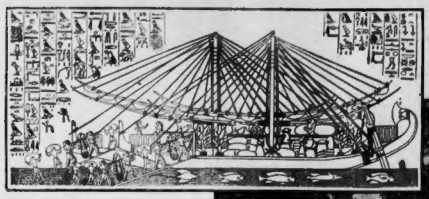


The Oesophagus, Which Runs From the Throat (A) to the Entrance of the Stomach (D), Parallel to It Is the Aorta (B) or Great Artery, the Main Trunk Carrying Blood From the Heart (C).

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

To Find Out at Last if Biblical Ophir was in Africa

Scientific Expeditions Studying Ancient Rhodesian Ruins to Learn If It Was Here Solomon, David and the Queen of Sheba Got Their Huge Stores of Gold—May Have Been Old Egypt's Land of Punt



Old Egyptian Drawing of a Dhow Being Loaded With Treasures in the Land of Punt, Probably the Ophir of the Bible.

TWO scientific expeditions are now at work in South Africa to determine once and for all if the great heaps of stone ruins found there are really the remains of the Biblical Ophir, from which Solomon, David, King Hiram of Tyre, and the Queen of Sheba got their enormous stores of gold. The ruins of great towers, temples, battlements and entire cities found at Zimbabwe, Bulawayo and numerous other places in Southern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa have long been a puzzle to archaeologists, but now the mystery seems about to be cleared up.

Ever since Dr. Carl Peters, the German Cecil Rhodes, thirty years ago declared that in these ruins he had found not only the Biblical Ophir, but the Land of Punt of early Egyptian records, the matter has been in controversy. But recent discoveries seem to prove almost conclusively that from here in Africa, 3,000 and even 4,000 years ago, the Jews, Egyptians, Phoenicians and Chaldeans were getting huge quantities of gold and other treasure. And to settle the question absolutely the two scientific expeditions have set out.

Until recently Zimbabwé and, a little further north, Bulawayo were the two most interesting and most discussed groups of African ruins. But two years ago the ruins of the ancient city of Gedi were discovered in Kenya, 1,700 miles north. It was apparent the Gedi buildings had been erected by the same people as the Zimbabwe structures.

It is believed Gedi was erected by the Zimbabwe people when they were driven out of their first home by the advancing hordes of black Bantus many centuries ago. Prof. S. H. Reynolds, the distinguished British archaeologist, has organized an expedition which will first thoroughly investigate the Gedi ruins, and then follow southward the trail toward Zimbabwe. In the meantime the British Association has sent to Southern Rhodesia an expedition headed by Miss Gertrude Caton-Thompson, which will start at Zimbabwe and work north to Gedi. The latter expedition includes Miss Kenyon, daughter of the director of the British Museum. Between the two bodies of scientists it is expected that the question whether South Africa was the Biblical Ophir will be finally settled.

A New Photograph of Part of the Ruins of the Great Elliptical Temple in Zimbabwe, Rhodesia. Recent Research Indicates This Temple Was Built by Worshipers of Baal-Ashera, and They Brought the Gold of Ophir to the Jews in Palestine.

Recent Photograph of the Khami Ruins, Near Bulawayo, Rhodesia, and Believed Part of the Early Punic Enterprise That Worked the Ancient Ophir Gold Mines. This District Is Now Regarded by Some Archaeologists as Not Only the Fabulous Ophir of the Bible, but the Land of Punt of Early Egyptian Records.

Among the ruins of a long-past civilization still stand the two mighty towers of Zimbabwe. These gigantic buildings were erected of symmetrically hewn, hard granite blocks, with joints and ledges and without mortar, the walls being over 40 feet high and 20 feet thick.

Dr. A. H. Keane, former president of the Royal Anthropological Institute, ascribes to the ruins of Zimbabwe an age of 3,000 to 3,500 years. Today, in the heart of Mashonaland, in Southern Rhodesia, buried under the tropical jungle and overgrown by century-old gigantic trees, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Zimbabwe. The solid construction of the towers and bastions convinces explorers that they served as strongholds, in which were stored the treasures of gold that were to be transported to the ancient port Sofala, 200 miles east, and then shipped to Egypt and Asia Minor.

Along the ancient, neglected highway from Zimbabwe to Sofala, every ten or twelve miles, are found demolished fort-like buildings of granite blocks, doubtless to guard the precious loads on its way to Jerusalem, Tyre, Egypt, Babylon and the kingdom of Sheba.

J. F. Milaczek, an adherent of the African Ophir theory, says:

"The construction of the ancient temple in Zimbabwe followed the same rules as the Sinai temple in the kingdom of the Elamites, the temple tower in Nineveh, the towers in Babylon, Samara and Ashur, the Phoenician temple in Byblos, and the temple in Hieropolis, described by Lucian. The tower of Zimbabwe is the counterpart of the sacred temple of the Midianites, called Penuel, or 'The Face of God,' the one that Gideon destroyed."

Thirty years ago Dr. Carl Peters set out to investigate at first hand the claim that the Zambesi river region was the ancient Ophir. After many years of research of historical records and of traveling in the almost unknown region, he became convinced that he had found not only the Ophir of the Bible but the famous Land of Punt of early Egyptian records. Dr. Peters in several books set forth his theory convincingly. He argued that the entire Eastern coast of Africa was the Punt to which the Egyptians sent expeditions to return with gold, copper, frankincense and many other luxuries of the day. Ophir, he declared, was a part of the Land of Punt.

He deduced that three or four thousand years ago South Africa was in regular communication with the Erythrean and Mediterranean world; that it formed part of the great circle of Punic or Phoenician enterprises which reached from the Baltic and the Scilly Islands to the Canaries, from Malacca to Bulawayo, from Madagascar to Corsica, and which included at the same time the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

The Portuguese Conquistadors of the 16th century ascended the Zambesi river and found gold in enormous quantities. So abundant was the precious metal that they reported they had rediscovered the Biblical Ophir. Their reports were supported by Portuguese writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, De Barros, De Coutos, Dos Santos among others, and by Dominican and Jesuit missionaries. In De l'Isle's map of Africa, printed about 1700, is found the fabulous Mount Fura. The name "Fura," as the Portuguese authors stated, was a corruption of the word "Afur," or "Aufur," by which Arabian traders called the mountain. "Afir," however, according to the Arabists, was the South Arabian form of the Hebrew word "Ophir." The word "Afir" in believed to have been preserved to this day in the name of the continent, Africa. The Romans learned to know the name "Afir" from the Cathaginians in North Africa. They formed the adjective "Africus" from it, and the names "Terra Africa" and "Africa."

Discovery of the ancient ruins at Bulawayo and Zimbabwe and countless other places in Matabele and Mashonaland gave a real physical foundation to the South African Ophir theory and the assumption that Hiram and Solomon sent their fleets to South Africa. In these ruins are found what are considered by many scientists excessive proof that old South Arabian settlements had existed in South Africa. The repeated occurrence of such names as Sabi and Rusapi point plainly to the fact that these settlements were specially related to Sabaean enterprises. One of the gates of entry to this region of ruins and mines still bears the name Sofala, a name which is to be sought for in the Egyptian prefix "Sa," meaning land, and "Ofara" or "Ofer," the Semitic word which at the time of the translation of the Septuagint had already displaced the general use of the old form, "Ophir."

Entrance to the Covered Passage of the Western Temple at Zimbabwe. This Is Believed to Be the Work of Punic Pioneers Between 3,000 and 4,000 Years Ago.

According to historians, the original home of the Punic nations was on the Persian gulf. More than 4,000 years ago two movements of these Semitic tribes began and they poured in two mighty streams north and south of the Persian gulf. The northern movement poured itself beyond the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, where it arrived about 2,000 B. C., settling down as Phoenicians in Asia Minor and Carthaginians in North Africa. To this stream also belonged the Hebrews, the Syrians and the Babylonians.

The second great Punic stream, the "South Phoenicians," founded empires in South Arabia and pressed as conquerors over East Africa. To this belong the Himyarites, Minaeans, Sabaeans and Abyssinians. They ruled East Africa from Abyssinia southwards to beyond Sofala, which is still today a city on the coast of Portuguese East Africa, opposite the southern part of the Island of Madagascar.

Queen Balkis of Sheba Arriving at the Court of King Solomon, Her Slaves Preceding Her With Rich Gifts, Including Gold Supposed to Have Come From the Fabulous Biblical Ophir, Now Believed to Have Been Located in South Africa.

In Solomon's time empires of the Minaeans, Sabaeans, Kahtanides and Azanians existed in South Arabia. The country of Queen Balkis of Sheba was bounded on the north by the southern-most province of the Solomonic kingdom. The Kahtanides and their direct branches, the Gabonites and Himyarites, were lastingly at warfare with the Sabaeans, and were driven, step by step, out of East Africa by these. The Azanians southern-most harbor was Rhapta, identical, Dr. Peters declares, with Quilimane, today the mouth of the Zambesi River.

Mashonaland, with its prehistoric mining works and ruins, also belonged to the regions impressed with the civilization of the original Punic races, the Himyarites and Sabaeans.

In the regions between the Zambesi and Sabi rivers have been found many thousands of old mines sunk to depths between 50 and 4,000 feet. In 240 modern mines still being worked there are traces of ancient workings. There are estimated to be 75,000 ancient workings in the 750,000 square miles of territory from which millions of tons of metal must have once been extracted.

On the Zambesi, east of the Lupata Gorge, opposite Lake Rufumbo, Dr. Peters rediscovered the old half-fabulous district of Fura, with its ancient ruins, which still show plainly, he declares, that they formed part of the old Semitic sphere of civilization. The wall around the middle of the hill, the betylae and other sacred stones are typical of Punic buildings. Around these ancient ruins, from which the figure of Baal looks down across thousand of years, lives the Makalanga nation, which in its worship of the Kabulu Kagoro has preserved the old Semitic natural religion until the present day.

Here, as thousands of years ago, sacrifices are still made to Baal on the hills and heights, fire-worship is still practised and stones like the pillar of Sherele are still objects of religious veneration.

South and west of the foregoing district are the ruins of Inyanga, consisting of circular or four-cornered stone enclosures scattered in immense quantities over a wide country. In several places they assume the character of large townships, with a diameter of up to six miles. These enclosures are in places five feet high. Below them are open spaces which were apparently used as temples for sacrifices, the altar looking towards the east.

The stones of these buildings are worked in exactly the same way as those found by the Fura ruins. Evidences of sun-worship are also found in Inyanga. Everywhere are discovered the curious sacred stones symbolic of the worship of Baal. The remarkable pit-like buildings sunk in the earth, walled in with cyclopean stones, and provided with covered side passages, are believed to have been ancient slave prisons such as the Romans learned to lay down from the Carthaginians in North Africa.

Still further south are found the ruins of the Zimbabwe district, from which remarkable new discoveries have just been made. It is now believed that the Fura-Inyanga districts were originally settled by the earlier Azanians, and Zimbabwe by the later and more highly civilized Sabaeans. Both were Punic races, both professed the proto-Semitic nature-worship, both were from South Arabia.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Gave Up a Throne to Marry a Policeman's Daughter

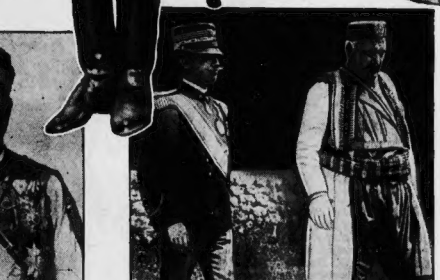
But English Premier MacDonald May Straighten Out the Affair by Making the London "Bobby" a Peer Because His Pretty Daughter Has Become a Royal Highness and a Sister-in-Law of Queen Helena of Italy, Which Is Very Embarrassing

King Nicholas of Montenegro Embracing the Veteran Soldiers of His Army in the Great World War.

Queen Helena of Italy, Who Is a Sister of Prince Peter and Therefore a Sister-in-Law of the British Policeman's Daughter.

Prince Danilo of Montenegro, Who Was the Model of the Prince in the Famous Opera, "The Merry Widow." He Is the Eldest Brother of Prince Peter.

The Former Miss Violet Wegner, Daughter of a London Police Sergeant, Who Is Now Her Royal Highness the Princess of Montenegro.



And Above—
Prince Peter of Montenegro, Youngest Surviving Son of the Late King Nicholas of That Tiny Kingdom, Who Married the Daughter of a London "Bobby."

King Nicholas of Montenegro Walking With His Son-in-Law, King Victor Emanuel, Directly Behind Him.

LONDON, Aug. 23.

ALL ranks of society are excited over the report that Italy and Jugo-Slavia are strongly, though quietly, urging the British Government to elevate Mr. William Wegner, a plain London policeman to the peerage, making him Lord Something-or-other, but, alas, it can't be done, under the present labor administration.

The reason that Policeman Wegner really ought to be a noble lord is romantic enough for a "Prisoner of Zenda" plot. He happens to be the father of an unusually pretty and virtuous daughter whom an astonished world has just discovered to be none other than the Princess Violet, wife of His Royal Highness Prince Peter of Montenegro and sister-in-law of Queen Helena of Italy.

The royal family of Italy and the ex-royal family of Montenegro, a tiny kingdom that has been absorbed into Jugo-Slavia, are embarrassed and worried because one of their relatives has married the daughter of a "cop." Policemen do not have such high power and standing in Italy as they do in England and the United States, and among the mountaineers of Montenegro they have almost no standing at all. This fact gives the enemies of the royal houses concerned a chance to poke fun at them, a serious matter in these days of democracies, dictators and bolsheviks.

If England would just transform the Princess' papa from a London "bobby" into a lord, everything would be quite all right. It is a small favor and ordinarily England would be only too glad to oblige a couple of friendly nations. The House of Lords has become little more than a rubber stamp in the British Government and peers have been created in large numbers as rewards for campaign contributions. At one time so many rich brewers were made lords that the peerage was referred to as the "beerage."

It is understood that Premier Ramsay MacDonald would gladly accommodate by asking His Majesty King George to exercise his power of creating peers, but the left wing of Mr. MacDonald's Labor party has vehemently said no. This left wing contains the radicals and labor agitators, such as "Emperor" Cook, who conducted the disastrous coal strike. These somewhat turbulent citizens never did like policemen and they are not going to have one of their enemies seated in the House of Lords—and that's that.

It is too bad, because not all Princesses are both beautiful and good. Her father is a good policeman, too, who has recently been promoted to sergeant of detectives, which means something in London but not a thing to the Balkans.

The romance that is troubling three countries and has even brought a royal kiss from the King of Sweden, began just after the war. It was inevitable that Violet's golden hair, lovely face and form would bring her before the footlights and, while her father continued to pound the London pavements and watch burglars, she sang and danced in the principal cities and resorts of Europe, always carefully chaperoned by her mother. One day, hearing that a friend was dying in Paris, Violet hurried to his bedside, where stood another visitor, a handsome youth of proud and military bearing.

This young person proved to be Prince Peter of Montenegro, younger brother of Prince Danilo, the character made famous by Frans Lehar's opera, "The Merry Widow." That opera so annoyed Danilo's father, the proud old Prince Nicholas, that he had his little "two-by-four" principality, only one-tenth the size of the State of Maine and containing less than half a million subjects, made into a kingdom. It was a good idea, anyway, because he had a large family and it helped marry the girls off.

When Violet met Peter at that deathbed, his brother Danilo was the heir apparent and he only the heir presumptive to the throne, and the throne itself was gathering dust and moths in a storehouse at Cettinje. Old King Nicholas was dying in exile, his comic opera monarchy absorbed with other odds and ends in the synthetic Kingdom of Jugo-Slavia, hastily put together by the Allies after the war.

Deposed royal families always hope to be recalled, and once in a while their dreams come true. If anything happened to Danilo, and if they were recalled, Peter would be the next Montenegrin King, and if he had a wife she would probably but not necessarily be the Queen of 500,000 subjects, mostly goat-herders and bandits, but a Queen for all that, and Queens are getting scarce.

It was love at first sight. His Royal Highness proposed and the policeman's daughter accepted, but her practical-minded mother persuaded the ardent couple to wait. She foresaw that Peter's marriage to a commoner might further complicate the tangled affairs. While the Jugo-Slavic Government had chased the reigning house out of Montenegro, and confiscated their property, it was admitted that the family ought to be compensated. At the moment Prince Peter was practically penniless, but he had claims for $6,000,000. Mrs. Wegner thought he ought to collect the money before his marriage to a commoner perhaps stirred up opposition.

Years passed, but Peter could not even get a few dollars on account and had to live on a pittance of $800 a month from his kinsman, Alexander, King of Jugo-Slavia. Meanwhile the woman he loved was earning her living as stage star and refusing the attentions of the noble and wealthy. In desperation the Prince made what seemed a reckless gesture. He asked the Jugo-Slavic Government if it would settle the $6,000,000 promptly for $2,000,000. The reply was a quick yes.

After signing the last of a lot of papers at Belgrade, Prince Peter waited around expectantly for his check. Instead the Government told him, in substance:

"Now we only owe you $2,000,000 and we are still going to owe you. We would rather owe it to you than cheat you out of it, as the Bolsheviks did to the Russian Grand Dukes."

And to this day he has never collected a cent.

Five years ago Peter and Violet decided that matrimony could not make his financial prospects any worse and so they were quietly wedded in Paris. The most remarkable part of the whole romance is the fact that until only a few weeks ago nobody suspected the ancestry of the new Princess. Of course she was well known as a stage favorite, but by simply not saying who her parents were, all sorts of interesting yarns were invented. One had it that she was an illegitimate daughter of the Spanish King, while others involved grand dukes, etc.

Each person believed the rumor he liked and everyone was satisfied because the new Royal Highness was not only beautiful but dignified and would be "every inch a Queen" if they would only let her have a throne. A Berlin photographer sold 20,000 picture postcards of the stately Princess in a few days. Even Belgrade made no complaint, though it still paid nothing.

Now that she was a Royal Highness and a future Queen (maybe) Violet had to retire from the stage, though they needed her salary badly. In spite of poverty, the couple was a great social success, not merely with rich Americans, who will buy anything from a dinner to a chateau to have their names in the paper as associating with nobility.

The King of Sweden, who is considered the most cultured monarch in Europe, asked to be introduced to her at Monte Carlo last Winter and conversed with her with evident pleasure for a long time. He is now counted one of her best friends.

Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative Prime Minister of England just turned out of office, and Mrs. Baldwin had tea with her at Monte Carlo and seemed to enjoy her company very much. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin are models of respectability, and their approval of the Princess shows that she must be very tactful. She has certainly received a great deal more attention from really important persons than most of the princesses who are to be met at the Riviera.

That was the time to have made Policeman Wegner a lord and his wife a lady. Mr. Baldwin could have done it without much fuss, but the need had not arisen, because the secret was not yet out.

It came out through preparations for a visit of Mr. and Mrs. Wegner to their daughter, who, with her prince, had rented a modest little villa at Monte Carlo. The neighbors at Tulse Hill, a humble suburb of London were not greatly surprised that Mrs. Wegner should buy a lot of expensive clothes. That seemed reasonable enough for any woman to do, whenever she could get hold of the money, but why must Mr. Wegner be measured not only for a dinner coat but a full dress "clawhammer"? That was so ridiculous it was suspicious. They hinted at all sorts of immoral and criminal possibilities and suggested that Scotland Yard ought to investigate. Finally, goaded to fury, Mrs. Wegner drew herself up proudly and told them:

"It is because my daughter is a Princess, in fact a Royal Highness, the wife of Prince Peter, of Montenegro, that her father has to have a dress suit.

Violet's sister-in-law, Queen Helena of Italy, might drop in and you wouldn't want him to be caught in plus-fours in the evening, would you?"

Considering the almost microscopic size of their Kingdom, old King Nicholas and his Queen married their children off pretty well. One of Peter's sisters became the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia, another sister, Anastazia, after an unhappy first marriage, became the wife of His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia; the Princess Anna married Prince Francis Joseph, of Battenberg, a relative by marriage to the British and Spanish royal houses. Zorka, another sister, married Peter Karageorgevitch, who became King of Servia after the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Dragа in 1903. Their son, Alexander, is now King of Jugo-Slavia, which is a collection of countries, among them being Montenegro, which are governed as one kingdom. Lastly, there is his sister Helena, Queen of Italy.

The history of Montenegro is glorious out of all proportion to its size. During the long centuries when the Turk had conquered and enslaved the rest of the Balkans, including the Bulgarians, little Montenegro held out, a tiny flame of liberty sending down rays of hope from the "Black Mountain." The Turks not only slaughtered, plundered and robbed the Bulgars of their religion, forcing them to accept Mohammed or the Greek Church, but even wiped out their language.

This was in the days when the Turk was still a first class fighting man, but never was he very good on the ocean or in the mountains. After a long series of disasters, the Sublime Porte at Constantinople realized that there was nothing to be gotten from the Montenegrins but thrashings and the word went out that for some inscrutible reason Allah would not let the faithful conquer this particular band of impudent unbelievers, and they never did.

The Allies abolished the little monarchy after the war for reasons of economy. It was too small to bear the expense of a separate national government. On a similar basis of population the United States would have 240 capitals, presidents, congresses, etc., instead of one, and could afford them much better because Montenegro is desperately poor.

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Hostess Dresses

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

This Gown From Charlotte Is Worn on the Stage of the Potiniere Theatre. It Begins With a Slip of White Satin, the Edges of the Hem Bordered With Double Scallops of White Chiffon. Over This Simple Slip Is Worn a Long Coat of White Chiffon, Fitted to the Figure and Forming Very Full Godets in the Skirt. The Hemline Runs Up at the Sides and Is Very Long in the Back. The Sleeves Are Tight and Plain to the Elbow, Where They Break Into a Full Circular Ruffle, Recalling the Skirts of the Coat. This Is Worn With Particularly Plain Slippers of White Satin, and With Sheer Stockings That Exactly Match the Skin.

In This Sketch Poiret Has Used White Crepe Satin for the Gown, Which Is Simply Cut, Long in the Back of the Skirt and Fitted to the Figure With Shirring Above and Below the Waist. Over This Gown He Puts a Little Jacket of White Chiffon, Cut Full and Longer in the Back. It Is Bordered With a Band of the White Satin, and Has Sleeves Which Are Wider at the Wrist and Slit on the Outside, the Slit Being Also Bordered With a Satin Band.

The Model From Blanche Le Bouvier Is One That May Serve for Many Occasions. It Is Made of the Popular Flowered Chiffon, in a Pale Lime Green, With a Design of Anemones in Pink and Black. The Gown Has the Slim Sheath Bodice, and the Full Skirt Is Set On in a Crenellated Line. It Is Very Long at the Left Side and Is Bordered With a Band of Black Chiffon. Over This Is Worn a Little Jacket of the Same Printed Chiffon. Also Bordered With Black, and Cut With Long Sleeves. The Gown Is Not Decollette at All in the Front, but in the Back It Dips to a Deep Oval, Bordered With a Band of the Black Chiffon. It May Be Worn as an Evening Gown Without the Jacket.

In the Old Days of Complicated Clothes, Long Corsets, High Collars, Linings and Intricate Fastenings, Women Were Delighted to Wear a Type of Gown That Was Easy to Get Into and That Did Not Require a Corset Underneath. So the Tea-gown Was Invented and Held Its Place for Many Years. However, It Is Returned to Favor in the Form of the So-called "Hostess Gown." Usually a Rather Picturesque Affair, a Sort of Cross Between an Evening Gown and a Negligee. It Is Worn by the Hostess for Informal Dinners in Her Own House, and May Be Very Lovely. The One Sketched, From Charlotte, Is of Pale-Yellow Chiffon, Over a Slit of White Satin Bordered at the Hem With White Tulle. The Waistline Is Almost Empire and Is Accentuated by a Bouquet of Little Pink Silk Roses. The Sleeves Are Long and Plain.

PARIS, Aug. 23.

PAJAMAS, in spite of their popularity with smart Parisiennes for the tea hour, and for informal dining at home, have not altogether usurped the place of the lovely negligee, or hostess gown, worn for the same sort of occasion. Indeed, this type of gown is enjoying something of a revival. In the old days of complicated clothes, which could not be fastened without the help of a maid or a long-suffering husband, there was a real place in the wardrobe of the smart women for a gown that was easy to get into, and that might be worn without the long tight corset. So the tea-gown was invented, and held its own for many years.

There is really very little excuse, on the score of comfort, for this type of garment, in these days of simple clothes. But women of fashion are returning to it, because of the very simplicity of their usual garments. These hostess gowns may be of a more picturesque and individual character than the short skirted sports clothes, and even the afternoon frocks, of the present day.

If a woman fancies that she should have lived under the First Empire, she may order a tea gown that might have been worn by Josephine, and see how she likes herself in it. The one from Charlotte, sketched here, is almost Empire in character. It is worn at the moment on the stage in an ultra-modern play, and the tall blonde actress looks charming in it.

A slit of white satin, bordered with white tulle, serves as a foundation for an ample gown of pale yellow chiffon, of which the waist is almost Empire, and marked by a bouquet of flowers, tiny pink silk roses. The sleeves are long and plain.

Paul Poiret has always loved to design picturesque gowns for special clients, and tea gowns are usually included in his collection, for this reason. The one chosen for this page is in white satin, the frock cut very simply, shirred to the figure below and above the waist, and dipping in the back. Over this is a short, full jacket of white chiffon, bordered all around with a bias satin band. Any color that is becoming might be substituted for the white.

The third model is also from Charlotte. Again a slip of white satin, this time bordered with scallops of white chiffon, serves as foundation over which is worn a full coat of white chiffon, fitted to the figure, and forming full godets in the skirt. The sleeves are tight to the elbow, and there break into a wide scalloped frill, recalling the skirts of the coat. This is worn with perfectly plain slippers of white satin, and sheer stockings that exactly match the skin.

The model from Blanche Lebouvier is one that might serve for many occasions. It is made of the popular flowered chiffon, in pale lime green, with a design of anemones in pink and black. The gown has a slim sheath bodice, and a very full skirt, set in in a crenellated line, descending on one side. The skirt is very full and long on the left side only, and it is bordered by a band of black chiffon.

Over this is worn a jacket of the same chiffon, also bordered with black, and cut with long sleeves. The gown has the new decollette. It rises to the collarbone in front, and is cut in the back in a deep V bordered with the black chiffon. Without the jacket, this may be worn as an informal evening gown.

Sometimes these hostess gowns take on an Oriental character, and are made of rich brocades or lames. In London this fashion of using lames for tea gowns, and especially for jackets and coats, is seen a great deal this season. Rich colorings are used for gowns of this sort, and they are often worn with very long, elaborate earrings.

The lingerie type of negligee is not worn outside the bedroom, though it appears in the wardrobe of many smart women. It is reserved for the early hours of the morning, or for when one is resting in one's room before dinner. Chiffon, both flowered and plain, combined with fine lace, is chosen for gowns of this sort, while crepe satin is a close rival.

Sometimes these negligees are one-piece affairs, sometimes they are two-piece, with either a skirt or a pair of pajamas. Other women prefer a gentlemanly cut of dressing-gown, or negligee, and choose the rich brocades of men's garments. They are cut exactly like the men's, with revers and pockets, and tie round the waist with a strip of the material.

A recent unusual showing was held at Sandaris. The cobblestone courtyard in front of her quaint little shop, painted bright purple, was arranged with palms and rows of chairs, which was particularly agreeable, as the day was very warm. Mannequins, dressed by Elspeth Champcommunal, paraded down the aisle of chairs to the strains of a hidden Russian orchestra. They showed daytime and evening shoes, changing their frocks to correspond.

The novelty in the daytime shoes is a sort of shallow oxford, in suede, the edges all being brought together by a glove stitch, done with the narrowest strip of leather. For evening, the newest shoes are sandals, with bags to match, made of rare pieces of Persian and Indian brocades or Chinese embroideries. For afternoon, she makes a sort of colonial pump, in patent leather or kid, the standing tongue of which is of plaited suede. This idea is used in a mule, in gilded or silver leather, with the tongue in plaited colored suede, matching the lining.

© 1926, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The Bolsheviks Destroy Russia's Holiest Shrine

The Famous Chapel of the Iberian Virgin Secretly Demolished in the Soviets' War Against Religion, But the Temper of the Indignant People Prevents Them From Exhibiting the Sacred Ancient Ikon as a Curiosity

The Iberian Gate of Moscow's Red Square, Showing the Chapel and Shrine of the Iberian Virgin.

The Ancient Sacred Ikon of the Iberian Virgin, Which the Bolsheviks Have Removed, but Do Not Dare Destroy.

Dmitri Donskoi, Grand Duke of Moscow, in the Chapel of the Iberian Virgin, Giving Thanks to Her for His Great Victory in Driving the Tartars Out of European Russia in the Year 1380. From an Old Russian Painting.

One of the Vicious Anti-Clerical Cartoons Which the Soviets Scatter Broadcast to Undermine the Influence of the Russian Orthodox Church in Russia. The Peasants Are Shown Working in Poverty and Praying, a Ploughman Keeps His Eyes on a Sacred Ikon Attached to His Horse, While a Profiteer and a Russian Church Priest Sit in Luxury Laughing at Them.

Soviet Children Clustered About a Float During an Anti-Religious Parade in Moscow.

MOSCOW, Aug. 17.

THE world-famous shrine of the Iberian Virgin, with its beautiful ikon or image, in this city, has been pulled down. This measure is regarded as the most audacious of the various efforts made by the Soviet Government to destroy Christianity.

The Iberian Virgin had, in the belief of simple Christians, saved Moscow from destruction again and again. This image once represented miraculous religion in the highest sense to old-fashioned Russians, who were the most religious people in the world. If they will stand for the dismantling of their shrine and the exhibition of its sacred relics as old curiosities, the Bolsheviks feel that they will stand for any measure against Christianity.

The Iberian Chapel stood inside the Iberian Gate of Moscow, which gave admission to the historic Red Square, so called from the amount of blood shed there in past times, and to the Kremlin, the fortress city, equally devoted to war and religion.

Shrine, chapel, gate were all demolished by the Soviet Government on the ground that they stood in the path of progress. The citizens of Moscow awoke one morning to find the Iberian Gate closed and workmen wrecking the chapel by the gate, with its beautiful blue ceiling starred with gold.

The first workman who mounted the scaffold to begin the work of demolition fell and broke his leg. This was regarded as a warning by the religious.

The destruction was shocking to everybody with any reverence for religion. Every conqueror has spared the Iberian shrine. Even during the revolutionary fighting it was respected.

The Government at first announced its intention to place the holy image of the Virgin on exhibition with other antiques in the new Historic Museum, near the Iberian Gate, but so tremendous was the sentiment of veneration for the relic among the people that it was considered prudent to place it in the dark crypt under the Chapel of St. Nicholas, an obscure chamber twenty feet long, where it may still be adored by the pious.

The Bolsheviks will replace the Iberian Gate with a Gate of Triumph of highly modernistic art—a monument representing the triumph of communism, atheism and the things that Bolshevism stands for.

The Iberian Chapel and Gate were built by order of Czar Ivan the Terrible by his favorite architect, Vassily Blashenny, who later built the splendid Cathedral of St. Basil. After he had finished the second work the insane Czar put out the architect's eyes that he might not build an equally magnificent edifice elsewhere.

The ikon, or image, of the Virgin was originally brought from the Iberian Monastery on Mount Athos, in Greece, always a sacred place to members of the Russian Orthodox Church. It was reported to have worked many miracles in Greece, and an old Russian monk of great sanctity was privileged to take it away that it might save the Russians from the cruel oppression under which they were suffering. From this moment the image was credited with working surprising miracles, and later the splendid chapel and gate were built to give it honor.

Moscow was then apparently doomed to fall into the hands of the ferocious Tartars, who were devastating the surrounding country. Dmitri Donskoi, one of the most famous warriors and heroes in Russian history, led a great uprising of his countrymen to drive the Tartars out of Russia.

The great Dmitri went to the old monk and asked for the blessing of the miracle-working ikon. The great warrior prayed and the Virgin is said to have smiled upon him.

The monk was then divinely inspired to tell Dmitri to carry the ikon with him on his campaign. He won surprising successes, defeating six times the number of the enemy. He not only saved Moscow, but broke the Tartar power in Russia. His victories were universally attributed to the Iberian Virgin, and henceforth every Czar prayed to the ikon many times a year.

The Iberian Virgin also played an important part in the many desperate wars fought by the Russians against the Poles and Turks. These were invariably successful, and the great Russian Empire was built up as the result.

Again and again the Iberian Virgin changed Russian history in the most astonishing manner. After Ivan the Terrible had murdered his own son in a fit of insane fury, he decided to execute all the nobles in Moscow.

He ordered them to assemble before the Iberian Chapel. When he entered the square thirsting for blood his eye fell on the wonder-working ikon and he became a different man. His rage of murder was changed into a mood of repentance, and soon afterwards he retired from the world.

All the Czars before they were crowned in the Kremlin went to pray before the Iberian Virgin in the simple chapel by the gate. The one exception is said to have been Peter the Great, who was apparently a forerunner of the Bolsheviks.

Even Napoleon, during his brief occupation of Moscow, gave orders that his troops should pay the highest respect for the Iberian Chapel and not use it for military purposes. His entrance into Moscow was the starting point of the disaster that attended his Russian expedition, and in this the Russians again saw the influence of the Iberian Virgin. Alexander I, who was Czar at this time, called a meeting of his generals in the Iberian Chapel and they prayed to the Iberian Virgin for guidance against the French invaders.

Uncounted millions of Russians of all classes have prayed for help in their troubles to the Iberian Virgin and believed that they were helped. Even scientists like Professor Behterev and Professor Pavlov, the distinguished Russian psychologists, assert that the profound belief of many persons in the ikon has given it power to produce supernatural results.

All the splendid religious and official pageants, that were such a colorful feature of life in Moscow under the Czars, began at the Iberian Gate and thence proceeded to the Red Square and the Kremlin. On Palm Sunday the Patriarch of Moscow rode on a white ass through the Iberian Gate to the Kremlin, as the Saviour rode into Jerusalem on the same day.

In the Iberian Chapel Russian Czars, nobles, moujiks and beggars met at Easter simply as fellow-Christians and kissed one another.

Victorious armies returning from battle passed through the Iberian Gate and saluted the chapel.

In the course of many centuries the chapel accumulated a vast amount of precious stones, ikons, banners and church vestments from grateful worshippers. Many Czars and Czarinas presented their orders and personal jewels to be used as ornaments in the chapel.

There was at one time in the chapel another ikon almost equalling the Iberian Virgin. This was the ikon of St. Catherine, which the Empress Catherine the Great carried away to her private chapel, as she believed it had cured her of a disease pronounced incurable. Later it was stolen from the chapel by Rasputin, and its present whereabouts is unknown.

The raiding of the Iberian Chapel is but a step in a campaign for the total elimination of Christianity in Russia. Other historic churches will be pulled down and their priceless accumulations of jewels and art treasures confiscated. A leading part in the campaign is taken by the notorious atheistic publication "Bezbojnik," meaning "The Godless One."

The Atheistic Society, which occupies a semi-official position, has carried on for some time a savage propaganda against religion and priests in the schools and among the intelligentsia. This society attacks all religions—Christian, Buddhist, Hebrew and Mohammedan. It issues pamphlets ridiculing by word and picture religious services and the marriage and burial ceremonies, calling them relics of savagery.

In the great cities like Leningrad, Kiev and Odessa many former historic churches have been transformed into workmen's clubs and motion picture theatres, but in smaller towns the people still hold on to them.

In Moscow the walls of a former Orthodox church, transformed into an atheistic meeting place, are plastered with caricatures of the saints and the religious services formerly celebrated there. The motion picture theatres are furnished with anti-religious films.

It is believed that the Soviet Government finds religious faith more deeply rooted than it expected, and hence the systematic effort to destroy it. The typical Russian is by nature a religious mystic. Even the Bolshevik doctrine has with many people taken the form of a religion. Lenin, for instance, is a saint with the ignorant masses who believe in him, and his portraits are hung in their homes as holy ikons were formerly. The Historic Museum has confiscated many of these Lenin ikons and placed them on exhibition.

The government wishes to wipe out not only all religions, but all metaphysical and philosophical forms of thinking. It wishes the people to think of nothing but what is material. The Free Masons, Theosophists, Rosicrucians and various societies and cults of a more or less mystic character have been suppressed. As a substitute for all religion the Soviet orders the people to accept the "Proletcult," which is a cult of pure Marxian materialism.

Recently a young professor in the Leningrad Academy of Sciences was dismissed simply because he said he was a mystic and the son of a priest. Thereupon Professor Pavlov, head of the academy and one of the most distinguished scholars in Russia, resigned, saying that he, too, was a mystic and the son of a priest. He only resumed his duties when the young professor was reinstated.

This is not merely a struggle between anti-clerical Bolsheviks and those who cling to the creed of the old Orthodox Church. There is a powerful group of bureaucratic communists now in control of the government who hold the most materialistic view of life ever known, and propose to prevent even the discussion of anything beyond the material. On the other hand, there are many workingmen and intellectuals, good enough Bolsheviks politically, who, born with the faith of centuries in their nature, still yearn for some kind of mystical religious belief, even if they cannot have the Orthodox Church. The materialist Bolsheviks say that these tendencies must be suppressed, and experience has shown that they will stop at no extremity to carry out a doctrine.

After the Orthodox Church was suppressed as hostile to Bolshevik principles, the Government found Christian sentiment so strong that they permitted the formation of a new church, called the Living Church, which accepted the political principles of the dominant powers. Lenin privately supported this church. Now the Living Church is found to be a danger to the Bolshevik State by the materialistic element, and measures are being taken to suppress it. This is proving difficult, as the Living Church has reduced its religious ceremonies to a minimum, so that they are scarcely noticeable, and employs all its energies in work among the poor and sick. Bolshevism has not been able to abolish poverty and sickness, and it is a serious matter to suppress those who are fighting these evils.

Chicherin, the Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs, is actually excluded from the duties of his office for no other reason than his interest in Buddhism and Oriental mystic philosophy.

Many other measures have been taken, or are being considered, for the elimination of all traces of religion. It is understood that the Soviet authorities are planning the building of a luxurious hotel of the American type in the Kremlin, every foot of which was once considered sacred. The historic Uspensky Cathedral is to be turned into a club and place of amusement for the people.

At Nijni Novgorod and other towns along the Volga many churches have been transformed into clubs or theatres. So far the moujiks and the country population have kept their churches. The intention of the Bolsheviks is to laugh Christianity out of existence, and if laughter is not enough they will use other weapons.

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Scientists Find That the Ostrich Does Not Bury Its Head in the Sand When Pursued, But Does an Even More Stupid Thing; Why Camels Can Go So Long Without Drinking; How Some Fish Are Bigger Inside Than Outside

—Curious New Discoveries About Animals—

But Science Is Puzzled to Explain How Electric Eels Generate Their Current; Why Nature Gave the Worthless "Echidna" a Perfect Defensive Armament, or How That Absurd Freak, "Aard-Vark," Came to Have Its Contradictory and Ill-Assorted Collection of Features

The Versatile "Curnard" is a Remarkable Fish That Has Hands and Legs and "Skids," and Can Swim, Fly or Walk Along.

The Accompanying Pictures Are From Drawings by Dr. William Beebe, Director of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, and Published in "Natural History," the Journal of the American Museum of Natural History.

© 1929 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

Three Views of the Flying "Curnard," Showing Under-Side of the Creature, With Its Wings, Hands, Feet and "Skids"; View from Above, and Showing the Little Hands Which Are the Separate Fore Part at the Pectoral Fin; and Side View, Showing the Creature Walking on Its "Legs," Made from the Ventral Fins.

THE SURPRISING ANTICS OF THE "ANGLER-FISH," WHICH WAVES A LIGHT ON THE END OF A FISH-POLE AND LURES SMALLER FISH TO ITS CAVERNOUS JAWS.

1—The "Angler-Fish" Shuffles Along in the Dark Depths of the Ocean Bottom, Using Its Fore or Breast Fins as a Sort of Squatty Legs.

2—Keeping His Keen Eyes on Watch Until He Makes Out the Leader of a Fish Swimming Into Striking Size, He Stops and Turns on the Light at the End of His Fish-Pole Fin.

3—Having Attracted the Attention of His Intended Victim, He Begins to Wave the Light Slowly Back and Forth to Confuse and Hypnotize the Fish and Encourage It to Follow the Light.

4—Then Slowly Opening Its Cavernous Jaws, the "Angler-Fish" Gradually Bends the Light Down Toward Its Open Mouth, and When the Fish Is Within Range of Its Jaws, Closes Upon It.

5—So Gluttonous Is the "Angler-Fish" and So Extraordinary Is Its Capacity for Stretching Its Skin, That Some of Them Have Varieties Devour Fish Several Times Their Own Size.

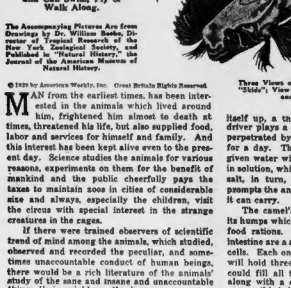
The Evolution of the Elephant's Trunk and Tusks.

Seven Sketches by Professor E. H. Barbour, Tracing the Development from the Ancestral Proboscidean Moeritherium to the Extinct Mammoth, the Greatest of All the Elephant Family.

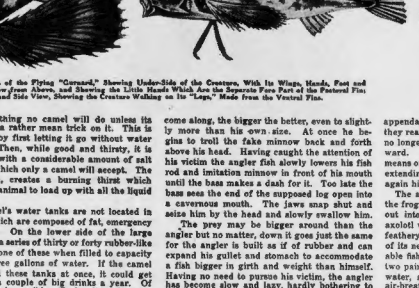
The Great "Ant-Eater," Whose Habits Have Changed Its Structure. Living on Ants, This Comparatively Huge Animal Has Lost All Traces of Teeth, and Has the Tiniest Pin for a Mouth at the End of Its Elongated Skull and Flexible Snout.

The Egyptian "Jerboa," The Leaping, Tailed Mouse, With Long Tail, Which Nature Might Better Have Provided With Wings.

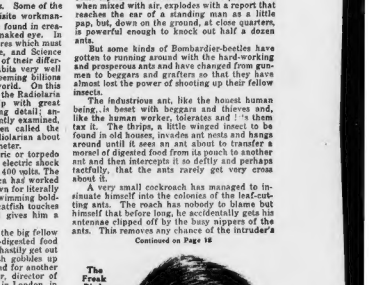
Peculiar Fin Equipment of the "Sea-Fish," Which Expands Largely for Feeding Prey Caught at Enormous Depths. Thus Nature Has Provided an Adaptation of the Dorsal Fin for Progression by Means of Vibration, Which Enables the Fish to Dive to the Bottom With Great Speed.



Nature's Most Absurd Creation, the "Aard-Vark." This Animal Is About Five Feet Long and Weighs 140 Pounds. In Its Jumbled and Contradictory Make-Up It Has the Body of a Pig, the Ears of a Mule, the Eyes of a Cat, a Head Like a Wolf, Teeth Like a Fish, the Legs of a Dog, a Kangaroo's Tail, Claws of a Tiger, and a Flat, Ribbon-Like Tongue That Is a Foot and a Half Long.



Marvelous Artistic Workmanship of Nature in the Minute Ocean Creatures, the "Radiolaria," a Magnificent Specimen of a Vase-Shaped Form Only Recently Discovered in the Pacific Ocean; a Spherical Shape With Elaborate Workmanship; and a Beautiful Specimen Named the "Wicker-Turban"—All About One Two-hundredth of an Inch in Diameter.



The Freak Bird, the Tasmanian Apteryx.

Is Steve Hidden in the Bushes During the Day and at Night Prowls About Hunting for Insects and Worms, and as It Has No Need for Wings, Nature Provides Hook.

Man himself, being an animal and having been a wild one originally, still has many of the instincts of the other animals and understands them instinctively, for the most part. But still there are peculiar animals with peculiar habits and peculiar ways of doing things, which have taxed the ingenuity of Science to understand and explain. Why, always when pursued, does the ostrich run in circles and is so stupid that he has never learned the disadvantage of this, although the savages and even the other animals who pursue him understand his fatal strategy and make short cuts across the circle and get him?

However, the old and still generally believed story that the ostrich, when pursued, will bury its head in the sand, thinking that because it can no longer see its pursuers, they can't see the bird either, is a libel. Scientists state that it never does anything of the kind.

The camel, too, has been misrepresented. While true that it can go sometimes eight days without a drink, the "ship of the desert" never does that trick voluntarily, but usually drinks as often as any other large animal.

Furthermore, the camel cannot go without water much longer than a horse unless the unfailing beast takes special precautions to load itself up, a thing no camel will do unless its driver plays a rather mean trick on it. This is perpetrated by first letting it go without water for a day. Then, while good and thirsty, it is given water with a considerable amount of salt in solution, which only a camel will accept. The salt, in turn, creates a burning thirst which prompts the animal to load up with all the liquid it can carry.

The camel's water tanks are not located in its humps which are composed of fat, emergency food rations. On the lower side of the large intestine are a series of thirty or forty rubber-like cells. Each one of these when filled to capacity will hold three gallons of water. If the camel could fill all these tanks at once, it could get along with a couple of big drinks a year. Of course, this is impossible. Each cell rarely holds more than a pint or two. The camel's capacity has doubled, due to man's training, since the time of Aristotle when it could only go four days.

Strangest of all is the fact that the camel is not at all suited to be the emblem of the prohibitionists. The truth is, this knock-kneed plodder of the desert has a natural taste for fermented liquors of all kinds, and, if opportunity offers, has no scruples about getting scandalously "plastered" on four or five gallons of his master's home wine. Mr. Camel is not at all a dry animal but literally and figuratively, a tank.

Ancient literature is filled with accounts of animals, some of which Science cannot verify, like the unicorn mentioned by David in his Psalms. "Pharaoh's rat" was finally identified as man's good friend, the snake-killing mongoose.

Nothing is more mysterious than the electric fish and eels. Nobody who has been unlucky enough to establish contact with one of them has any doubt that he touched a "live wire" and got an electric shock. Science has made sure of this and demonstrated that the current emits sparks, dissolves certain chemicals and does other things that electricity does. But not even Mr. Thomas A. Edison can understand how they generate the current and insulate their own nerves from it.

Also the scientists would like to know and imitate the trick done by many fish as well as fire-flies of emitting cold light. They suspect that the electric and the light producing mechanism are much alike.

The angler-fish is a curiosity of the deep, a large and clumsy fellow, four or five feet long and often weighing fifty pounds before eating. After eating this glutton sometimes weighs twice as much. Some anglers carry lights and some do not, according to whether they need them in their business. A fin ray running out from the angler's snout is as flexible as a fishing rod, which is exactly what it is, and it ends in a flap of flesh shaped like a minnow.

Lying on the bottom and looking like a sunken log, he placidly waits for a bass or other fish to come along, the bigger the better, even to slightly more than his own size. At once he begins to troll the fake minnow back and forth above his head. Having caught the attention of his victim the angler fish slowly lowers his fish rod and imitation minnow in front of his mouth until the bass makes a dash for it. Too late the bass sees the end of the supposed log open into a cavernous mouth. The jaws snap shut and seize him by the head and slowly swallow him.

The prey may be bigger around than the angler but no matter, down it goes just the same for the angler is built as if of rubber and can expand his gullet and stomach to accommodate a fish bigger in girth and weight than himself. Having no need to pursue his victim, the angler has become slow and lazy, hardly bothering to swim at all. He is content to shuffle stealthily over the ocean bottom, crawling along on his short, stubby, breast fins.

This creeping fin-strap has adapted himself to nearly all the seas of the world and even descended to vast depths where it is pitch dark and his imitation minnow would be invisible. Here when he sees a fish coming, the deep-sea angler turns on the current and the minnow lights up, like a small electric light bulb, so the prey can see it and swim down to his doom.

Nothing in all nature is, perhaps, more astonishing than the various kinds of transformations in the animal world—creatures born in one shape which go through one or more remarkable changes and finally become creatures which resemble in no way whatever their original form.

A baby is obviously a human being, and suggests at once what it will look like when it grows up to adult life. But the exquisite, beautifully colored, delicate butterfly was once a soft, mushy, repulsive caterpillar. Some creatures are born and pass their early existence in the water and then graduate as efficient land animals, and live the rest of their lives on land; other creatures which are born in the water and wriggle about for a period in pond, river or ocean, take on wings and become flying insects, forgetting entirely and becoming no longer adapted to their youthful aquatic existence

In all directions scientists are brought face to face with extraordinary transformations in the animal world. Lobsters look very different from their parents when first hatched. They escape from their eggs as swimming creatures, which rise to the surface, moving by means of the, oar-like appendages on their legs. But when they reach adult life the lobster can no longer swim—or even crawl forward. The grown lobster's only means of movement is backward, by extending and snapping together again his powerful jointed tail.

The axolotl is a distant cousin of the frog. It lays eggs which hatch out into tadpoles, that grow into axolotl with three pairs of delicate, feathery gills growing from the sides of its neck. Later on this remarkable fish often loses its gills, grows two pairs of legs, emerges from the water, and becomes a land-living, air-breathing salamander. A study of the plaice fish reveals an astonishing performance of nature. This creature hatches out from an egg into a tiny fish, with eyes in the normal position. It swims about for some time in the ordinary way, but gradually becomes flattened from side to side and begins to tilt over to the left. Later on the right side becomes dark colored and the left eye moves round the edge of the head to join its fellow. Other flat fish develop in the same way.

Science is able to understand why nature performed this remarkable feat for the plaice. As the adult plaice spends most of its life on the sea floor, hunting for food, with the left side turned downward, an eye on that side would be useless, or worse, for it would be particularly liable to injury. Hence nature has taught the queer creature how to transfer the eye around to the side which faces upward.

Among the larger animals the great ant-eater, big as a good-sized collie dog, is an illustration of how habits of life change the anatomy of a creature. Having become exclusively an eater of ants, he found he required no teeth, and now is toothless. As it was necessary to burrow deep down into the ant hills, his nose began to get longer and his snout began to grow long and pointed, and even his skull became round and elongated, until he has developed his peculiar head, snout and tubular toothless jaws.

Perhaps one of nature's most grotesque creatures is the aard-vark, whose scientific name is Orycteropus. This absurd creature is about five feet long from snout to tail and weighs as much as a good sized man. This freak of nature has the body of a pig, the ears of a mule, the eyes of a cat, a head like a wolf, teeth like a fish, the legs of a dog, a kangaroo's tail, claws of a tiger and a flat, ribbon-like tongue that is a foot and a half long.

But if nature produced a grotesque freak in land animals when it threw together the peculiar features which make up the aard-vark, it *did* an almost equally remarkable job in the versatile fish called "curnard." In "Natural History," the Journal of the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. William Beebe, Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, provides some pictures and interesting facts showing that the "curnard" has hands, fore, skids and wings, along with an excellent stream-like fish body and a helmet of bony skin. This unusual endowment enables the creature to swim or fly or walk, and, as Dr. Beebe remarks, puts it in "almost a class by itself," since it is at home not only in water and air, but is able to trot easily about on solid earth.

The expert swimmer giving an exhibition in a swimming pool can do many stunts, but the fish of the sea do even more extraordinary things. The catfish swims belly uppermost, and this freak is provided for in its coloration. For whereas usually the back of a fish is darker than the belly, in this case the coloring is transposed.

The sunfish is an extraordinary looking specimen, giving the appearance of being a sort of half finished model of a fish. But its peculiar build and fins are especially constructed to provide for sudden descent in the water, head first.

And the needle-fish, one of the outstanding curiosities of marine life, swims head downward. Its peculiar shape and the tail fin enable him to perform this feat.

The queer echidna is one of the oddest creatures known to scientists. It is a peculiar little animal, living in Australia and New Guinea, which is a sort of link between the birds and the true mammals. The creature is an ant-eater, and its skin is thickly sprinkled with sharp, porcupine-like needles. In the breeding season the female lays a single egg, which is hatched in a pouch on the underside of the body. When these creatures are attacked they tuck in head and feet, roll into a ball and calmly await the enemy. No creature will attack this little animal, with its complete protection of sharp spears sticking out in all directions. But why should nature take the trouble to provide this worthless animal with its perfect protective outfit and do little or nothing to protect many species of much more valuable animals?

Many peculiarities in the animal world are well understood. Thus the spteryx of Tasmania, with its queer figure and no wings, is accounted for by its habit of hunting for insects and worms on the surface of the ground, and thus gradually losing its wings from lack of need or use.

But the Egyptian leaping mouse, jerboa, is not as well understood. He spends much of his time jumping through space, and nature might well have provided the creature with wings. Why it has developed its extraordinary hind legs and long thick tail is not fully understood.

The evolution of some of the larger animals is quite clear to Science. Thus the long trunk and tusks of the elephant family have been traced back to their early ancestry, and the sketches printed elsewhere on this page from casts and specimens in the Nebraska State Museum show the line of ancestry and evolution from the early ancestral proboscidian to the huge prehistoric mammoths, largest of the elephant family.

But not all the curiosities or beauties of nature are among the larger animals. Some of the most beautiful designs and exquisite workmanship and geometrical patterns are found in creatures too small to be seen by the naked eye. In the radiolaria is a group of creatures which must be studied under the microscope, and Science has not yet listed a millionth part of their different shapes, nor are their life habits very well understood, although there are teeming billions of them in all the oceans of the world. On this page are seen a few specimens of the Radiolaria —some of elaborate workmanship with great complexity of form and surprising detail; another vase-shaped form only recently examined, and still another which has been called the "wicker-turban"—a V-shaped radiolarian about two-hundredths of an inch in diameter.

The electric eel and the electric or torpedo ray, knock out their prey with an electric shock that has been estimated as high as 400 volts. The little electric catfish of East Africa has worked out a shameless technique of his own for literally touching other fish for a meal. Swimming boldly up to any big fish he sees the catfish touches the other near the stomach and gives him a shock.

The shock is not enough to kill the big fellow but causes him to vomit any half-digested food that may be in the stomach and to hastily get out of the neighborhood. The catfish gobbles up the other property and looks around for another victim to touch. E. G. Boulenger, director of the Zoological Society's aquarium in London, in his book, "Animal Mysteries," describes many of these water tricksters, perhaps the most ingenious of which is a common British sea-worm. Nemertes, known as the "living fish-line" and which measures anywhere from a few inches to 90 feet in length.

The "fish-line" is another creature that expects its meals to serve themselves to it. Lying on the bottom, neatly reeled up in a solid mass that looks like a lump of coiled liver, it waits. But when an inquisitive fish sees the inviting-looking morsel and comes down, seeking something to eat, he finds himself "it." The head of the worm darts out and with its sucker mouth fastens itself on the fish. The long worm then becomes a reel, winding and unwinding itself as it plays the fish to exhaustion and finally reels him in to be eaten.

The matamata turtle of the Amazon River, though a fraud and impositor who makes his living by deceiving simple fish, is an example of the virtue of patience. His irregularly-marked shell, usually covered with weeds, makes him look like a rock when he settles to the bottom of the river. But this is not enough to bring fish to his mouth, so as an inducement, he has grown a sort of beard effect on his chin that looks to a passing fish, like a delicious handful of worms. The fish that swims down to help himself is soon no more. While waiting for his meals to appear, this turtle not only has to remain motionless but to hold his breath, for he is an air-breather.

The waters have no monopoly on natural beggars and hold-up men. There are Bombardier-beetles, gunmen, with blank cartridge pistols. These are able to squirt a tiny drop of some mysterious substance which vaporizes and when mixed with air, explodes with a report that reaches the ear of a standing man as a little pop, but, down on the ground, at close quarters, is powerful enough to knock out half a dozen ants.

But some kinds of Bombardier-beetles have gotten to running around with the hard-working and prosperous ants and have changed from gunmen to beggars and grafters so that they have almost lost the power of shooting up their fellow insects.

The industrious ant, like the honest human being, is beset with beggars and thieves and, like the human worker, tolerates and ! ts them tax it. The thrips, a little winged insect to be found in old houses, invades ant nests and hangs around until it sees an ant about to transfer a morsel of digested food from its pouch to another ant and then intercepts it so deftly and perhaps tactfully, that the ants rarely get very cross about it.

A very small cockroach has managed to insinuate himself into the colonies of the leaf-cutting ants. The roach has nobody to blame but himself that before long, he accidentally gets his antennae clipped off by the busy nippers of the ants. This removes any chance of the intruder's

Continued on Page 12

Science Finds Interesting New Facts About Animals

(Continued from Double Page)

ever making a living by his own efforts, and when hungry he sits up and begs from the nearest ant. Though not legally or morally entitled to compensation, the ant usually hands the nuisance a dole. Mites actually ride on the heads of ants, and when the patient creature carries food home, the mite helps itself all the way.

There are certain flies that look so much like the bumblebees they "sponge" upon that apparently they fool their hosts into admitting them to the dinner table. Other flies, though having no stings, escape attack by wearing the gaudy stripes of the hot-tailed wasp.

The cheerful belief that man has the hypnotic power to cow the King of Beasts by outstaring him has been exploded. Observation shows that Leo's eye can gaze about as long as man's without blinking. When the lion feels like blinking he does so, and continues to gaze at the man in front of him till he makes up his mind whether to reach out a paw and rend the impudent creature or to go about his business. However, standing perfectly still when confronted by a lion, is the best thing to do. If the animal withdraws, it is not through fear of the human optic, but because the big cat is following his usual custom of avoiding trouble with the mysterious hiped.

The lion moves openly in the broad open country, while the tiger prowls through the dark jungle, which may have something to do with the fact that all the animal world seems to unite in hating the striped beast. Even monkeys, though it is no personal concern of theirs, for they are safe in the tree-tops, sound a warning of the soft-footed approach of the terror by chattering and scolding at him. Although a tiger is more than a match for a lion, the hairless buffalo attacks him fearlessly and usually kills the tawny beast. In Java buffalo and tiger combats are a national sport in which the buffalo almost always wins.

The tiger has none of the dislike for getting wet shown by other members of the cat family and thinks nothing of swimming powerfully across broad rivers to slaughter cattle on the opposite bank. A tigress with cubs is naturally more savage than one without. Yet it has been observed that a man may pass unmolested within a few feet of the young ones, provided he does not betray to the mother's suspicious eye that he has seen her cubs. But if the man's glance pauses on the precious little forms, the tigress, poised for the spring, will kill him instantly.

Tigers are a scourge of India, where the natives, instead of resolutely ridding themselves of the man-killers by hunting them down, attempt to placate them with prayers. When an Indian has the courage to kill a tiger the rest of the village, instead of rewarding their savior, usually ostracize him because they fear the vengeance of the tiger's spirit. The lion expresses himself with a terrifying but honest roar. The tiger raises a soprano voice from the depths of the midnight jungle that sounds like the wail of a woman in distress.

The wild boar, when attacked by a leopard, calls for the assistance of the rest of the herd, which comes to his aid. But when the tiger strikes, the boar screams in an entirely different note, warning the others to flee and leave him to his fate and they do it.

In the days before modern firearms, sailors sometimes came upon a tiger's lair unguarded and stole the cubs. Then followed an exciting gamble for life. If the tigress caught up with the robber his move was to drop one cub, which the mother would pick up and swiftly carry away to a place of safety. With amazing speed she would be back again and the cub-kidnaper would drop another. But woe betide the sailor if, after she returned from bringing home the last cub, he was not quite fast get to his boat ahead of her. It was not a sport to recommend for anyone with high regard for his life.

Though the elephant is docile and a valuable worker, one can usually be bought cheaper than the useless, stupid and ill-natured rhinoceros, who is considered a bargain at $3,000. The African two-horned beast is more startling in appearance and therefore fetches as much money as the Indian one-horned variety, although the latter lives almost twice as long.

Everybody has heard of the murderous disposition of these ponderous battering rams that charge right through inoffensive caravans and even parties sleeping around the camp fires, carrying the tent away on their horned noses and trampling the sleepers into the earth. The animal's ugly behavior is due not so much to natural wickedness as to poor eyesight and lack of intelligence combined with bad nerves. It has keen ears and nose and to compensate for its wretched, little near-sighted eyes, Nature has provided the rhinoceros with an alert watchman.

The red-billed oxbird, one of the starling tribe, attaches itself to the rhino and is commonly known as the rhinoceros-bird. As long as no animal is in sight, the birds hop about the ample surface of their big partner's body, digging out, with their sharp bills the numerous ticks, infesting his leathery hide. The crop of ticks growing on a pair of rhinos and their calves provides food enough for a family of starlings.

Whenever these far-sighted tick-eaters see anything approaching they rise into the air with shrill cries of warning, which cause the rhino to nervously sniff, listen and worry until they settle down on his back again. The mighty beast has nothing to fear from any creature but man. Yet, because these birds make a fuss over anything from a wart hog up and the big fellow can't see what it is all about, they keep his nerves on edge all his life.

When in danger, the rhinoceros has just one plan, to charge head down straight at the source of peril. The idea is perfect when he hits the mark, because neither man, animal nor automobile can stand the shock. The results of these charges run from the ghastly to the ridiculous. In the old slave-trading days it was customary to lead the captives in single file with a collar or yoke on every neck and a chain connecting them all. Rhinos have often butted straight through one of those chain gangs, breaking a score of necks.

They have turned over automobiles as effectively as would a trolley car. Perhaps the most humorous result was when a single rhinoceros, infuriated at the smells and rattle of a battery of Cape Artillery, charged and put it completely out of action. Being trampled by the ponderous feet is as fatal as to be hit by the horns and the beast is astonishingly fast. However, when he once gets under full headway it seems hard for him to swerve quickly. Therefore, a man, if he waits until the right moment, may leap aside and escape the deadly rush. Unlike other charging animals, the rhino when he misses his target usually keeps right on going and is no more likely to turn back than is a freight train. He is the original hit-and-run driver.

As red angers a bull, so white invites the unwelcome attentions of the rhino, probably for the reason that a white object is about the only one that the near-sighted beast can see at any distance. White horses going through rhino territory are frequently camouflaged khaki color. Before charging, the rhino fills his cavernous lungs and gives three contemptuous sniffs which raise clouds of dust if the soil is dry. Then down goes the great head, as if taking aim, and off goes the beast, accelerating almost at once to a speed of 10 or 12 yards a second.

The neck of the males are usually furrowed like the cheeks of a Maiori warrior, with marks from the horns of other males. In duels the brutes can ram each other all day without serious damage unless one gets his horn under the belly of his opponent, where the armored hide is less tough. Males have frequently been seen to butt their mates in the ribs rolling them over like a barrel. Whether this is uncouth playfulness or just to prove who is the head of the family has not been determined.

The lion has a great fondness for ostrich meat but rarely has a chance to indulge the taste. A few swift strides and the long-legged bird is out of reach of the cat's comparatively slow bounds. Once in a while a lion gets near the nest at a time when the young are too small to make much speed. When the ostrich sees the enemy coming, he plays the old wounded-bird trick, stumbling and tripping along, as if injured, just one leap ahead of the king of beasts, until the lion is a mile or two away and all out of breath. Then, suddenly, the bird puts on full speed and the disgusted cat sees him vanish like a rocket over the horizon.

An ostrich can kick the heads off a pack of wild dogs and even more easily outrun them. Yet the dogs know how to kill and eat him. They take advantage of the ostrich's fatal habit of running in a circle and by tutting across finally tire the bird out. When exhausted an ostrich falls down, with neck outstretched, an easy victim for the dogs or for man who pursues in the same manner. But the story that he sticks his head in the sand is pure fiction.

Why a bird smart enough to outwit a lion is so silly as to circle and be caught by dogs, has often puzzled Science. It may be that he learned the fatal habit from leading lions away and then safely circling back to the nest.

Bushmen, disguising themselves in ostrich skins are able to get near enough to the birds to shoot them with poisoned arrows. The hunters usually do not have to approach their prey but merely to parade within sight of them. The sharp-eyed and curious ostrich sees something wrong with this clumsy looking caricature of himself and hurries over for a closer inspection and perhaps with a view to kicking the grotesque thing into the next world.

When a wild ostrich is captured, he can be easily led home by the simple expedient of tying a thick stocking over his head and long neck. Thus blindfolded and short of air, he makes no effort to escape and seems to have no idea how to rid himself of the encumbrance.

What a tough time our caveman ancestors had with the great cave-bear may be estimated from the fact that the North American Indian, who carried stone-age weapons, left the grizzly strictly alone until firearms made the hunt safe. The redskin had learned that when a grizzly invaded his camp, the best thing to do was for everyone to lie down and keep perfectly quiet, even holding the breath while the inquisitive muzzle sniffed them over. Except for the carrion-eating polar variety, bears will not molest anything dead or that appears dead.

The polar bear is one of the few animals that has not learned an instinctive awe of man. It will raid a camp, carry off dogs and even men unless shot and is not afraid to burrow into an igloo or to swim out after a boatload of people. And it is of no avail to play dead for the white monster of the North will sit down and calmly eat a man whether dead or alive. Bears rank high in the scale of animal intelligence and with a few exceptions are a good-natured, tolerant, live-and-let-live family. Those that hibernate during the winter do so not because of the cold but on account of food scarcity.

It is not only the larger and more intelligent animals which interest Science—no creature is too small or insignificant in the animal world for study and experiment. Dr. E. E. Free, in a recent issue of his "The Week's Science," states that the lowly flat-worm has enough of a brain to acquire at least something of an education. Recent experiments on a marine species of these worms living in Monterey Bay in California show ability to acquire what physiologists call "conditioned reflexes," like dogs and animals much higher up in brain and nerve equipment.

Flat-worms are in the habit of moving when light falls upon them, and they stop moving when they are touched. But Professor H. Birnet Hovey, of the University of Oregon, was able to teach them something. By simultaneously touching the worms and exposing them to light Professor Hovey succeeded in mixing up these two impulses in the worm's tiny brain, so that the light-created impulses to move was overridden or "conditioned" by the touch-created impulse to stand still. Like a naturally skittish horse, carefully trained not to be afraid of blowing newspapers, these "educated" flat-worms at last learned to stand still under a light ray instead of running away, as had always been their habit.

BEAUTIFUL LEGS

Many beautiful legs are made unsightly by varicose veins, eczema, leg sores, etc. A European discovery is showing very remarkable results without confinement. Send for FREE book giving full details of this proven method

State your case.

DR. A. W. CLASON
1038 So. Alvarado St.
Los Angeles, California

140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ANONYMOUS—
but it changed her entire life

Go back a few years in this New York woman's life.

Think of her, not as she is today, a beautiful woman, married to an adoring man, and playing the charming hostess in her great Park Avenue home, but as she was before that anonymous letter came with its horrible accusation.

True, she was lovely and charming then. But women avoided her. Men seldom called more than once. In the very years of her prime, she found herself hopelessly out of things—and utterly unable to account for it.

Then, one morning she received that bleak white envelope with its anonymous enclosure—a national advertisement across which was written in a bold masculine hand, "Wake up."

Amazed and humiliated, she read it again and again. Finally the shocking truth came home. That advertisement was true. It applied to her for years.

* * *

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide ★which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

★ **Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and S. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.**

LISTERINE

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

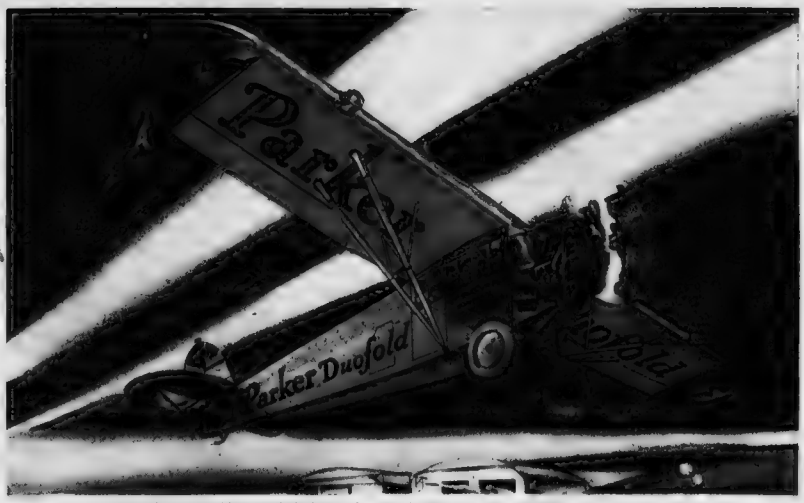
Take Off for School

with a Parker Duofold Pen

— the college favorite by actual census

Parker Duofold Pens in Moderne Black and Pearl
$7 50, $8 50 *and* $10
Pencils to Match
$3 50 *to* $5

Miles Scull and George Kolbe are two of the leading members of the Flying Club at the University of Illinois. When it comes to speedy writing, both are Parker Duofellows.



Christened "Parker Duofold" by Amelia Earhart, the first trans-Atlantic woman flyer, this 5-Passenger Fairchild Monoplane with 410 Horse Power Wasp motor has, in the past 9 months, traveled over 51,000 miles over 39 states, given flights to 6,200 Parker dealers and college students, and has made 2,169 landings. This fall it will continue its tour among the colleges and universities of America.

High altitudes and high marks are both old friends to W. Howard Ehmann, honor student at New York University. Between classes he pilots his own Curtiss plane—and in class pilots a Parker Duofold Pen.

Frank Dean, University of Wisconsin, feels fortified against adverse flying conditions when in his trusty Monocoupe. Likewise, he feels fortified against the stiffest exams when he grasps his trusty Parker Duofold Pen.

*Parker Makes School Work Fly Via Pressureless Touch—Is *Guaranteed Forever Against All Defects*

Now numbers of colleges have their flying clubs and landing fields—but the thing that students like best to pilot through their studies is the light-flying Parker Duofold Pen that leaps to its work like a dart and writes with Pressureless Touch.

Pressureless Touch is Geo. S. Parker's 47th Improvement, combining capillary attraction with gravity feed. Here the ink connects with your paper a split-second sooner than the point, and its flow keeps pace with the speed of your hand by contact alone.

Do you know that by actual count Parker's Pressureless Writing now rules throughout America?

A census of pens in 13 technical schools disclosed that Parker leads in popularity 2 to 1. It was voted the favorite by students in 55 colleges. And a nation-wide poll conducted by the Library Bureau proved Parker the preference by **25%** above the second pen, and **48%** above the third.

Non-breakable barrels of jewel-like, colorful Permanite, smartly black-tipped—28% lighter than rubber—holding 24% more ink than others, size for size.

Step to any good pen counter and select your point. Imitations can't deceive you if you look for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD."

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY Janesville, Wisconsin. Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco, Toronto, Canada, London, England

Parker Duofold Pens in Colors
$5 *and* $7
Pencils to Match
$3 to $4 25

Parker Duofold

Pressureless Touch

$5 $7 and $10

*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.

Here's Bertha Pio, the University of Michigan's "Lady Lindy," all set for a hop between classes. Her extra hours for flying come from doing her school work quickly and easily via Parker Duofold.

The Whirlpool by Olive Bradshaw

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

ROGER KINGDOM, a self-made financial colossus called the Red Vandal, is anxious that his mother shall enjoy a place in society, but prim, old-fashioned Victoria Kingdom prefers to live quietly in her own corner of her son's great London mansion, the Deodara, with Esther Boothroyd, her maid and companion of twenty years.

Sir Julian Coniston, a famous lawyer and financier, who has made appropriated funds to finance the fortune Hunyadi Copper Company, goes to Kingdom for assistance. Sir Julian has just finished the defense of Stella Chasteris, condemned to die for the murder of her lover. She refuses to reveal her true identity, but Coniston learns that she is the wife of the Red Vandal, who believes that she died in a railroad wreck after running away with another man.

The lawyer offers to set on foot the agitation necessary to save Stella if Kingdom wishes. He promises to say nothing about her identity, as the disclosure of the Vandal's relationship to Stella would ruin his social ambitions, and offers to help him climb the social ladder if Kingdom will minister up Hunyadi Copper and save him from disgrace. The Red Vandal shows him the door.

Lois and Mike, the Earl of Cubbington and his lady, are the leaders of the Cubbington Crowd, to which Sir Julian's daughter Beth belongs. They organize a treasure hunt, inviting Kingdom's butler to plant one of the clues in the Deodara. Beth and Lucian Burke, who poses as a rich and artistic Bohemian, go to the Vandal's mansion where Beth climbs a trellis and is caught by Kingdom. He helps her find the clue and saves her from a dangerous fall. As his reward he invites himself along for the remainder of the hunt.

The Red Vandal recognizes Lucian Burke as the man who ran away with his wife, and then deserted her. When Beth makes love to Beth, Kingdom knocks him down and warns him to leave her alone. The Vandal, determined to aid Coniston now, takes her home, but there they find Sir Julian dead by his own hand after writing a note which says: "Kingdom did this." Kingdom destroys the note and Beth, believing some financial enemy responsible, swears to revenge her father.

Making up his mind to break Burke and marry Beth, Kingdom's first step is to engineer the rise of Hunyadi Copper, that Coniston's name will not fall on the name of Sir Julian. He follows Lucian on a visit to the Four Jewels, a Limehouse family she has befriended. When he asks her if she has given up Burke she replies by driving off with Lucian.

The Vandal receives a letter from Stella Chasteris begging him to see her but when he goes to the prison he discovers that someone else knows his secret, for Stella did not send the note. Stella tells Kingdom that she shot Charteris when she found that he had been sent by the Anaconda, a crippled master criminal whom the Vandal's relentless enemy, to kill or maim him. She makes Kingdom promise not to try to save her.

Burke tells Beth he loves her, and drives with her to his cottage by the sea, planning to ruin her reputation and get her in his power. Kingdom follows and Lucian wrecks the Vandal's car on the cliffs to win the Anaconda's promised reward. Beth rescues Kingdom from a precarious position. She supposes he leave Burke but the Vandal returns, and finds that she has had a struggle with Lucian.

While Travis Watched Her, Beth Picked Up the Receiver and Called Roger Kingdom's Number.

Then he saw her.

She stood on the pavement outside the house in the uncertain light of the dawn, a plain, prim little figure, shrinking in the shadows. For a moment the cloak and bonnet she wore, legacies of her days in Broadbent town, seemed to cover a pure apparition. He stopped dead, still unseen by her, and, as he did so a taxicab drew to the curb from the nearby rank. Victoria Kingdom stepped into it quickly, like one who wished to be unobserved.

She was gone. Her taxicab was droning up the long, stately road. Kingdom gripped his amazement. Where was the little mother going at that hour? He had crossed to the taxi-rank while the question still hammered at him.

"Follow that cab," he said to the driver of the first cab, who had already seen him.

He crushed back a guilty feeling. She was mysterious, the little mother, and completely fearless. She needed looking after, like all fearless women. Like Beth. Kingdom glanced out of his cab, and drew a sharp breath. They were going northwards—northwards on the long, drab roads, which led to the prison. The prison where Stella was to walk out into that brightening dawn. He made a gesture to stop, and knocked it. It was Fate. Fate and the little mother, who called her fate by the name of God.

A clock loomed past. A quarter to eight.

"Stop here," Kingdom ordered, opening the door of the taxicab.

He felt, all at once, very calm. Roger Kingdom, who for a dozen strident years had called himself the captain of his own soul, knew that something infinitely bigger than himself had caught him up. A thin drizzle was falling. The big pile of prison showed black and stark, and, before its huge, crenelated gateway, where the red buses passed and the tide of the awakening city ran, a crowd was gathered, a very silent crowd. It stood, watching the closed gates and the flagpole above it. Drawn irresistibly nearer, he saw then that, in the center of the crowd was a little knot of shabby, bare-headed men and pale-faced women. They were on their knees, on the wet cobbles. There was a movement in the outer crowd and a prim little bonneted old woman stepped into the inner knot, and went down on her knees beside them. It was the mother of Roger Kingdom, the Red Vandal. Somewhere there was a sound of quiet sobbing. It was nearly eight o'clock.

A haze spread across Kingdom's sight. It seemed to blot out everything save the frail figure of Victoria Kingdom, as homely, as obscure as those other kneeling people. He could not see her face, because it was bent upon her small clasped hands. A stab of torment went through him, and he saw, as in a vision, Stella, walking across the prison yard to that heart's ease she had craved for. Some clock struck eight slow strokes . . . his hat was in his hand . . . he was on his knees with all that strange, quiet crowd.

Something happened on the last stroke. There was a sudden eddy of police round a small doorway of the prison where stood a closed automobile. A tall, iron-gray man stepped out of the doorway, eyed the crowd nervously for a moment, and passed into the car. Instantly, it was driven away.

"It's a reprieve!" A man spoke the words in a low, hoarse voice that cut like a knife through the silence. "That was the Home Secretary. He's had to give way. It's a reprieve, I tell you!"

A small door in the giant gate creaked open and a warder stepped through, holding a paper in his hand. A surge of people drove Kingdom to the black notice-board to which the paper was pinned. He read through the mist which was still about his eyes, the bald typed words above the governor's signature.

The sentence of death passed upon Stella Charteris has been commuted to——to be detained during His Majesty's Pleasure."

A cry arose in the crowd. An old woman had fainted.

Kingdom fought to reach her and lifted her in his arms.

A slim young butler and two tall man-servants had admitted Roger Kingdom and his mother when at last they reached home. The Aubusson carpets and the big ornate rooms had received them with, one might have fancied, a well-bred irony at the sight of Victoria Kingdom's bonnet and cloak. They had passed under the painted ceilings and along the ebony-lined corridors, and now they were in Victoria Kingdom's little parlor, with its sofa, its bright chintz, its dyed grasses in blue vases, and its ancient photographs; that parlor from Broadbent town which the Red Vandal's mother had made with such care for her own whimsical use.

"I'm all right, Roger, dear boy," the little mother said, on a deep sigh. "It was going out on an empty stomach, that did it. I like to line my inside before I face the passage of arms. I had good breakfasts all my life. Esther Boothroyd, that was a fine cup of tea. Will you leave me and my son together?"

Esther Boothroyd, raw-boned and tight of hair, nodded, drawing her black brows together.

"If Meatur Kingdom'll see that you don't go gadding about again on your own accord, I will," she said.

Victoria Kindom's thin fingers tightened on her son's wrist as the Yorkshirewoman disappeared. Her little face twisted suddenly.

"My poor boy!" she whispered. "Oh, lad forgive me!"

Kingdom bent his gray-shadowed mouth to hers.

"Forgive me, rather," he said, laboriously. "Forgive me, little mother, for keeping silent all these years."

"It wasn't your fault, Roger." The little fingers were winding themselves in his. The sunken blue eyes misty with pain and pity. "You're a man, a strong man. Maybe too strong. You were considering the big world, while I was in Broadbent town.

"Men forget women while they're doing that—mothers as well as wives. They're made that way—your sort. It was that night Julian Coniston came to see you, that I learned about—her. I was in the room when he came, and I hid and listened like a wicked old woman. I'd a bleeding heart that night, Roger. At first I hated her. I thought she ought to hang. Not for what she did to that man. But what she had gone to you."

Victoria Kingdom paused. A coal dropped into the fender. The man by her side watched it with impassive eyes.

"Then I saw you wanted to let her die. It was a black cloud there was over you. There was murder in it, lad! And, since she was keeping her secret, there was good in her, as there is in the worst. So I forged. I wrote that note which pretended to come from her, and told you lies about it. I was frightened of that dark shadow in your heart, Roger. You went to see her, didn't you?"

"I went," Kingdom answered mechanically. "She didn't want to live. But they will keep her alive. My wife!"

Victoria Kingdom beat her little white head.

"It was for you, Roger, that I went to pray," she whispered. "For you, not for that poor woman. Yes! I know she's good, that she's not a lost soul."

"She's good." Kingdom rose heavily. A lethal weariness was upon him. He went through hell. They keep beautiful souls there to give to some people who pass through and come out again. But she's a prisoner—for life."

"So are you, Roger, and there might be some other woman!"

"There isn't," Kingdom said, and came to his feet.

He passed out of the little parlor. The torment was over now, and only a dull pain remained. He was like a traveller who had come to the end of the bright lamps and only looked into the darkness. Beth! She was dead. Not Stella. The wrong woman had died—for him. His love for her was as clean as running water. He knew now, that in all the magic tide of passion for Beth Coniston, he had thought of Stella as dead. But she lived. The new life he had dreamed of, lay in ashes at his feet.

"I am not Lucian Burke, and I can watch over her from a distance and see she does not destroy herself. That is all."

Roger Kingdom, the Red Vandal, smiled tenderly, drawnly, and deep in bodily weariness, went to sleep for the first time in his life, with defeat.

CHAPTER XI.

Into the Whirlpool Again.

BETH CONISTON came down the staircase of the gaunt and lonely house in St. James Square slowly. It was late afternoon and when she glanced out of the diamond window, the stripped trees in the square outside were shivering in the wind and the light was dying. In the long, polished drawing-room which she entered, she looked—and felt—a small and forlorn figure. A fire glowed in the grate, and she moved to it, her chilly hands outstretched to its friendly heat, before she saw that there was a visitor.

"Bernard! How you startled me! I forgot you were coming."

Bernard Travis stood up, heavily, humbly. "I didn't mean to startle you, Beth. You're a little unnerved, aren't you?"

He smiled rather wistfully, this boy who had been private secretary to Sir Julian Coniston. He was good-looking, with a womanish mouth and dark, slanting eyes. The Cubbingtons accepted him as one of themselves though he had no "pep." But it was only in their milder escapades that he had taken part, so far.

"Perhaps I am," Beth said. "Please forgive me."

She had been in bed for a week as the result of exposure. Another week, she had immured herself a prisoner in the house. True, she had stolen to Blue Anchor Quay to find the Shuffler's crowp cured, and a new graven image set up to be worshipped since the Prince of Oranges, having fallen into the water and been nearly drowned in his search for God in Blue Anchor Quay, had given up the quest for the time being. It was Roger Kingdom's image. It had been set up side by side with the Lovely Lady in that grubby temple of the four Jewels' gratitude. She had listened in silence to their adoration and gradually it became evident that the Lovely Lady and the Big Man were assumed to be man and wife—the kind of man and wife who lived in a palace and did not throw things at each other, as they mostly did at Blue Anchor Quay.

Beth had gone home with a beat at her heart which startled her. That night, Lucian Burke had called, but she had sent him away without seeing him. And, next day, when Mike and Lois Cubbington had wished to drag her out to some wild party, she had refused and kept to the somber house—waiting. What for? She scarcely knew. Perhaps it was for her soul which seemed to be creeping back to her from somewhere, and lighting her up with some kind of magic fire, slowly, slowly . . .

Bernard Travis was speaking.

"I don't want to worry you with business, Beth. But I'm a bit uneasy about Hunyadi Copper. It's falling like a barometer on a wet day. I thought I'd mention it, in case—"

Beth experienced a shock. For some unknown reason, the name of Hunyadi Copper was brought back the tranquil, dead face of her father. Bernard, incongruous as it seemed, to look at his delicately feminine young face, had taken his law degree and was a lawyer. She had left her financial affairs in his hands. She was comfortably off because Hunyadi Copper had soared a few hours after Julian Coniston's death. If it crashed hard enough, she might be left penniless. A wholly novel speculation as to what it might be like to be completely without money came over her.

"It's that fellow Kingdom—the Vandal," Travis dropped his glance, an instant, on the cigarette between his fingers. "He's a queer devil. He's made his pile. He's a gambler, like a boy with money now, like a baby plays with beads—for fun. Well, he's suddenly begun selling out his Hunyadi Copper. I don't know what he wants to do it for, I don't know. You know, he and Sir Julian were the chief holders of Hunyadi."

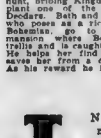
"Were they?" asked Beth, with an involuntarily chill. The name of Kingdom had brought that strange, dead look to her again. But it hurt this time. Roger Kingdom might have been the enemy who had made her father shoot himself. Oh, no; no!

"So—" Travis made a nervous gesture—"when a man like Kingdom starts unloading, everybody else follows in a hurry. The value goes down headlong. Maybe to nothing. The poor devils who can't sell are left holding a pup. That's high finance. Well, Kingdom's doing it with a will."

"Does it mean—" Beth was a little breathless and wide-eyed—"that I crash?"

"There wouldn't be much left if Kingdom keeps on with his game." Travis' voice was a little hoarse and turned suddenly unexpectedly bitter. "But I expect you could easily persuade him not to. You'll know the right way. You have great influence over him, haven't you, Beth?"

(Continued on Page 16)



Be a Nurse

Make $30-$35 a Week

You can earn while learning. Others enjoyed to $35 a week. Start one year course. Graduates in demand. Many earn while learning. Others earn their course and support themselves. Many weak nervous girls who have read our advertisements start on this treatment and comfortable course. Write C. B. N. nurses. Employment introduced. Open to all over 16 and under 35. Send coupon today.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 2331 A, Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free fascinating booklet, Splendid Opportunities in Nursing, and full sample lesson pages.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Favorite Laxative in 26 Countries

The fame of Brandreth's Pills has spread all over the world. Purely vegetable, mild in action, yet they act surely and effectually, thoroughly cleansing the bowels of the clogged impurities which make you ill and break down your health.

Brandreth's Pills are a wonderful remedy for constipation, biliousness, indigestion and dizziness. First compounded in 1760 by the famous Dr. Brandreth, they deserve to have become the regular medicine of millions, and are used in 26 countries. At all druggists—25c.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

PRETTY ANKLES $3.75 AND CALVES $5.75 per pair

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong elastic stockings of fine Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf like a skilful hand.

They do this gently and you can't tell you wear them. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Relieve tiredness and varicose veins. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day, deriving the same benefit of the support.

Send Ankle and Calf Measure.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Socks for $3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Dr. Jeanne A. W. Walter
366 Fifth Avenue, New York

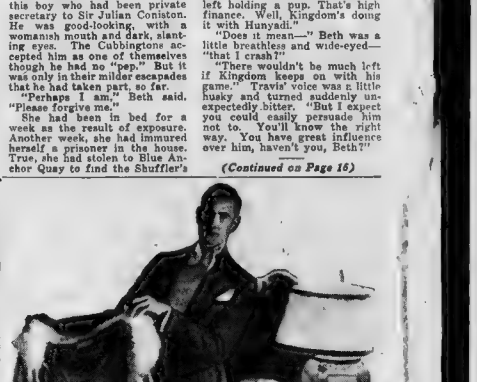
Deaf? READ THIS

Vibraphones Restore Hearing Naturally

A new and scientific discovery stimulates the hearing processes by utilizing sound waves through small silver devices that fit the ears perfectly. The vibrators are built inside the sound chambers. The instruments are so small that your friends will seldom know you are wearing them. Comfortable, easily put in the ears or removed. No wires. No batteries. No head bands. Nothing like them. This new and scientific triumph produces marvelous results. Head noises are reduced. And hearing gradually improves. Don't be handicapped or embarrassed another day by deafness. Write for complete details.

VIBRAPHONE CO., Inc., Station 318
Central National Bank Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

VIBRAPHONES



Even her coat told the need of Mum

No one is entirely exempt from perspiration, and all perspiration has an odor. Proof of offense hangs in many a woman's own closet. Even an outer garment may at times hold such proof.

Such offense is embarrassing. Yet so easily avoided! A dab of the snowy cream called Mum will neutralize every bit of unpleasant odor—at the underarm—or elsewhere—and then you are safe in the closest contact. You have definitely removed all risk of embarrassement for several hours.

The need of Mum is not just for some "special" occasion, nor is its service restricted just to your protection against the odor of perspiration. *Mum neutralizes all body odor whenever and wherever it may occur.* Investigate the other uses of this harmless and effective deodorant, which are fully explained in direction circular enclosed with every package.

Mum is delightfully easy to use. Inexpensive, too. 35c jars, and 60c jars containing nearly three times as much, sold everywhere.

© 1928, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Passion Island by Juanita Savage

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL JOAN ALLISON, daughter of Sir Antony and Lady Tregenna, has a reputation as a siren whose chief amusement is breaking men's hearts. Her career is brought to a crisis when Peter Merrifield commits suicide for love of her, and his wife publicly denounces Joan as a vampire and threatens to revenge her husband's death.

To allow the scandal time to blow over, Joan accepts an invitation from the wealthy Vanderlings of San Francisco, for a yachting cruise to the South Seas. Mirlam Merrifield follows her to America and almost succeeds in stabbing her before she is rescued by Hilary Sterling, the owner of a pearl fishery on the tropical island of Muava, called Passion Island by the natives. They become inseparable and Sterling falls in love with Joan.

When he tells her passionately of his love she repulses him and he denounces her as a heartless siren and tells her that his lovemaking was not serious. Joan is furious that anyone should attempt to trifle with her. But Hilary is really desperately in love and is only playing a part to try to hide his own hurt.

When the Vanderings' yacht, Frisco Belle, reaches the South Seas Joan is ready to surrender to love, but when Hilary tries again he mocks her about the happenings in San Francisco and she determines to make him fall in love with her and then humiliate him as he has humiliated her.

Sterling kidnaps her to a motorboat and starts for Passion Island, vowing to teach her the meaning of love and suffering. Peter Merrifield was his best friend and he intends to avenge him. Joan is ready to confess her love, but when they land on Passion Island she is afraid to because Hilary insists that he will win her love and then toss it aside.

The natives hold a festival in Joan's honor, and after it is over Hilary tells her that they have been married by the native witch-doctors. He makes violent love to her and she finally confesses that she has loved him all the time.

The next morning Hilary treats her indifferently and when she begs for his love he tells her that he is avenging Peter Merrifield and now she must try to win it.

Furious, she escapes with Rena her maid, in the motorboat, is driven ashore on a distant part of the island and falls into the hands of hostile cannibals. In the midst of their palaver a white man appears.

"Help me to get away from here, to rejoin my friends, and I will pay you anything within reason," Joan Begged.

CHAPTER XVI.

Blackbird Doyle.

THE white man who had so unexpectedly appeared among the savages bowed to Joan.

"My name, dear lady, is Wilberforce Doyle, but I am more commonly known throughout the islands as 'Blackbird' Doyle," he said. "Does the name convey anything to you?"

"I seem to have heard the name somewhere before, but I cannot remember in what connection," responded Joan, somewhat dazedly.

Temporarily she had forgotten Hilary's mention of a couple of white outlaws, Doyle and Howes, who had a stronghold of some in the interior of Muava and were protected by a tribe intermittently at war with that over which he "ruled" near the shore, and Doyle's appearance had been so totally unexpected that her brain in a whirl. She still had the sensation of living in a sort of nightmare dream.

"You may have heard it mentioned in connection with the taming of natives," remarked Doyle, regarding her with undisguised admiration. "You will be relieved to know I have informed my elephantine friend that he will have to abandon his intention of making a meal of you, that it is not regarded as good form to eat white women, and that you are under my protection. My word goes here. You look as if you were going to faint. Let me take you to my place. Lean on my arm."

Joan had felt faintness overcoming her again, and dazedly she allowed Doyle to support her away from the mob of savages, some of whom had started to howl again, probably because they had been robbed of their prey, but none attempted to interfere with Doyle and the crowd made way for him and the captive. The ordeal had been almost too much for Joan, and Doyle was quick to recognize she was an the verge of collapse.

"Better let me carry you," he said, and as he spoke he picked Joan up in his arms.

Joan must have lost consciousness again for a few minutes, for when she opened her eyes she found herself lying on a couch woven from rushes, with Doyle bending over her holding a tinpannikin to her lips.

"Drink this," he ordered, raising Joan's head. "It'll do you good."

"This" was raw spirit which made Joan choke and gasp for breath, but it revived her, and within a few minutes she was able to sit up and take note of her surroundings. She found she was in a lofty room, the walls of which were made of roughly-hewn logs, and with furniture obviously the work of natives or unskilled carpenters. She was at once reminded of the huts built by settlers on the Canadian prairies.

"Feeling better?" inquired Doyle.

"Yes. I think I shall be all right presently," Joan answered unsteadily.

Now that she had recovered sufficiently to look at Blackbird Doyle appraisingly, she saw that he was a man of, perhaps, forty-five, with deeply lined face, curly black hair, a pointed black beard, which he constantly fingered with remarkably white, well-kept hands. His complexion was sallow, and his eyes black, deep-set, and very bright. He was tall and sinewy, handsome in a way, but he reminded Joan somehow of Mephistopheles or Svengali, and she was repelled rather than attracted.

"Who are you, and how did you get to Muava?" Doyle asked, still regarding her with disconcerting intentness. "You said something about your motorboat having been wrecked in the gale, but surely you don't mean to say you were cruising alone in a motorboat?"

"I was not alone," Joan answered. "There was a native girl with me. What has become of her?"

"I will inquire later. Where had you come from, and where were you going when you were wrecked? Who are you?"

Joan hesitated before answering, for she instinctively mistrusted Doyle although he had rescued her from the cannibals who had captured her, and did not know how much she could safely tell him.

"You are not by chance the charming white woman I was informed had come to Muava with Hilary Sterling and contracted a native marriage with him?" continued Doyle.

"Yes, I—I am Hilary Sterling's wife," Joan replied, and felt her face flushing.

"How very amusing!" exclaimed Doyle, his white teeth gleaming through his black beard as he laughed. "And your bridegroom, apparently, was foolish enough to allow you to go cruising alone in a motorboat, attended only by one native girl, on the day after your wedding! How very extraordinary!"

He spoke in a cultured English voice with a suggestion of the "Oxford drawl," and Joan found herself unable to size him up. She noted that there was a pair of yellow gloves peeping out of the side pocket of Doyle's tunic, and wondered what manner of man this could be who wore gloves in the jungle and obviously manicured his nails carefully. Much on a par, she reflected, with Hilary Sterling, perhaps, who dressed for dinner yet could behave as callously as the savages among whom he lived.

"I left in the motorboat without Hilary Sterling's knowledge or permission," she explained, still flushed and embarrassed.

"And now, of course, you are all anxity to return to your-er—husband?" inquired Doyle.

"No!" exclaimed Joan, impulsively and emphatically. "I—er—I mean—I mean—" she added hastily, and broke off in confusion, averting her face.

"May I assume that meeting me has made you lose the desire to return to Mr. Hilary Sterling?" inquired Doyle, his black eyes brighter than ever. "Or perhaps—"

He paused abruptly and his hand went instinctively to his hip as the door swung open with a bang and a man pushed in excitedly.

"Ere, Blackbird, 'ave yer 'eard—" began the newcomer; and broke off abruptly at sight of Joan, at whom he gaped in amazement. "Blimey! 'Ere's a true!" he continued, recovering himself. "Strewth! I couldn't believe it. A white girl here! It ain't a dream, I suppose?"

He was a short, lean, sharp-featured individual, with gingery hair, pale eyes, a stubby red mustache, and prominent teeth, and somehow he reminded Joan of a ferret or a weasel.

One side of his face was disfigured by a long red scar extending from his ear to his mouth, probably the result of a slash with a knife. He was dressed in soiled and greasy white drills, but had a leather belt strapped round his waist with a revolver holster under his coat.

"The lady is a dream, don't you think, Howes—a dream of loveliness?" drawled Doyle. "One can imagine how very seductive she would look in feminine garments instead of her present masculine attire. Allow me to present you, Mrs. Hilary Sterling, this is my working partner, Mr. Kellock Howes, an American, as you probably have inferred by his accent."

"It's as good a accent as yours —and wot are yer trying ter put across on me, anyw'y?" snapped Kellock Howes, who was unmistakably a Cockney. "Mrs. Hilary Sterling—I don't think!"

"My dear Howes, surely you would not be so rude as to doubt the word of a lady!" exclaimed Doyle. "The lady has informed me that she is Hilary Sterling's wife. You will remember that our natives reported this morning that there was a marriage feast in progress last night down at Ulava? The fair lady before you was, I gather, the bride. Most thrilling, don't you think?"

Joan caught her breath and her heart contracted. It had come suddenly into her mind where she had heard the name of Blackbird Doyle and Kellock Howes before, remembered Hilary telling her they were daring outlaws and his ruthless enemies.

"Hilary Sterling's wife!" said Howes incredulously, still staring hard at Joan. "You ain't kidding, are yer? Blimey! if this ain't the limit! Wot are yer going to do with 'er?"

"That, my dear Howes, is a matter for discussion and due consideration," responded Blackbird Doyle. "Meanwhile I think you had better get busy preparing something to eat for our unexpected guest. I am sure Mrs. Sterling must be hungry."

"I don't think I want anything to eat, but I should like a drink of water," said Joan rather weakly.

Her mind was again in a turmoil, for she fully realized that Blackbird Doyle and Kellock Howes would be little likely to show mercy and consideration to the wife of Hilary Sterling. The thought came to her that she might save herself by telling the men she hated Hilary and wanted to avenge herself, but that would entail explaining what it was she sought to avenge, and her soul revolted at the thought of so doing.

Moreover, in spite of what had happened, she felt it would be a Judas trick to take sides with Hilary's enemies. Wisely she decided to await events and allow the first move to come from Doyle or Howes.

Howes produced an enameled mug, into which he poured some water from a gourd, then went to the door and shouted out some orders in the native tongue. Through the open door Joan saw that the hut was surrounded by a stockade, and she remembered Hilary having referred to the retreat of Doyle and Howes as a "fortress." In speedy response to Howes's order a native came hurrying in with a basket of fruit —bananas, oranges, pomegranates, mangoes, limes and breadfruit—which he placed on the table.

"While Mrs. Sterling refreshes herself, you and I will take a little stroll, Kellock, and discuss how to deal with this unusual situation," remarked Blackbird Doyle, addressing Howes, who was still staring at Joan as if he could hardly believe his eyes. "You will find water and a basin in the inner room if you wish to make your toilet," he added, turning to Joan smilingly. "The appointments of our mansion do not include a bathroom, but we have some of the appurtenances of civilization. I'll send in a native girl who speaks some Anglo-English to get you anything you need."

"Thank you, Mr. Doyle," said Joan formally.

It was a relief to be alone for a time, and Joan made an effort to compose herself and muster up her courage. First she took stock of her surroundings. The hut seemed to consist of two rooms, separated by a wall of roughly-hewn logs, and roofed in the same way. Light was admitted through a series of tiny windows—mere loopholes and unglazed—in the outer walls, and there seemed to be a loft to the place, for a ladder in the outer room, an iron ladder which had obviously come from a ship, led up to a trap-door in the roof. In the outer room there were two ship's bunks and a variety of boxes, presumably containing provisions, in addition to the roughly-made furniture and the rush couch, the floor being covered with rush mats.

Joan opened the door of the inner room and looked in to find it furnished with a portable stretcher bed, a deck chair, and a bamboo dressing table and wash stand. What impressed her was that there was a set of silver-backed hairbrushes on the crazy dressing table, together with a manicure set and a variety of silver-topped crystal bottles, which seemed entirely out of place in such surroundings. Strange how the mind is impressed by such ulterior things even in time of crisis and peril.

Rightly Joan assumed that this was Blackbird Doyle's room, remembering his white hands, manicured nails, and glossy black hair and beard. She glanced at her reflection in the mirror above the dressing table, and saw that she was dishevelled and grimy, which was scarcely surprising considering the treatment to which she had been subjected at the hands of her native captors. She became aware, too, at the same time, that her wrists and ankles were chafed and aching as a result of being bound, and she felt as if her whole body had been bruised.

Could this be the same Joan Allison who had prided herself on always being faultlessly turned out and had gained the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in Europe? Joan wondered, as she gazed at the reflection in the cracked mirror of a girl with tousled hair with pale face smudged with dirt, and clad in a man's suit of poor cut and fit.

"Well, at least I can make myself look clean," Joan said half-aloud. "Perhaps it is just as well that I don't look attractive."

She had washed and was combing her hair when she heard a shuffling sound, and she wheeled round quickly to see a buxom native woman in the doorway, staring at her wide-eyed.

"What do you want?" demanded Joan, momentarily startled.

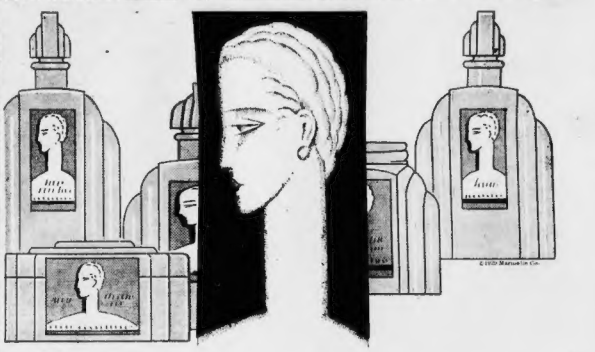
"Marster tell me make you kaikai, and plenty drink," the native woman explained, her eyes still goggling, for Joan was the first white woman she had ever seen. "I make everything walk along belong you."

Joan concluded this was the woman Doyle had promised to send to attend to her wants, and told her she would not need her services, but the girl remained and squatted on the floor of the outer room to stare at Joan when the latter sat down and helped herself to some of the fruit on the table.

As she ate Joan's eyes wandered again to the ladder leading up to the trap-door in the roof, and when she had finished her meal she decided to see what was in the loft. Ascending the ladder and climbing through the open trap, she found herself in a cabin-like apartment about eight feet square and six or seven feet in height, which had been built on to the flat roof of the big hut, and was evidently a sort of lookout. Here and there along the walls port lights from a ship were fitted, and through these it was possible to see all the approaches to the stockade which surrounded the building. In one wall there was a door, fastened by a heavy wooden bar dropped into staples, giving access to the flat roof of the hut.

Looking through the portholes, Joan surveyed the scene with keen interest and curiosity. The house was built on an eminence, and the ground had been cleared for hundreds of yards around it. On one side was the native village, consisting of an untidy huddle of huts of all shapes and sizes, on the other a cultivated field enclosed by a stake fence, while beyond the clearing on every side was the seemingly pathless and impenetrable jungle.

(Continued on Page 16)



The finest preparations that scientists can make for your skin

Marinello Products have a laboratory background far in advance of that of any other line of toilet products. A staff of expert synthetic organic chemists carry on continuous research to develop new formulas, test every ingredient, control every step of manufacturing. Marinello maintains a group of beauty clinics, a chain of beauty schools, which are "proving grounds" for Marinello Products. In thousands of beauty shops all over the United States, Marinello Products are subjected to the most critical professional use.

What does this background mean to your skin? It means toilet preparations of *proven* efficacy, a face powder that cannot blotch on your skin, a lipstick that is permanent, a shampoo that is entirely without free alkali—a group of toilet preparations for every need which fulfil that need with positive results. Begin today to use them.

75 Specialized Preparations for every need of the skin, hair and hands. In modern pink glass containers—at smart shops everywhere.

A Cleansing Cream that clears and whitens

Lettuce Brand Cleansing Cream melts at body temperature, and "floats" dirt out of the pores. Transparent, made of pure clear oils; contains no chalk or talc to make it *look* white. Keeps the skin clear and fair, and bleaches superfluous hairs to keep them invisible. Use morning and night. Two sizes: $1 and $2.

You can trust your skin to this Tissue Cream

Marinello Tissue Cream contains no animal or vegetable fats, cannot rancidify in the pores to cause eruptions. Corrects dryness, roughness and wrinkles, keeps the face and neck firm. Two sizes: $1 and $2.

This Powder cannot blotch

Marinello Powder cannot blotch on the skin, contains no starch to ferment in the pores. Spreads evenly, covers smoothly and adheres for hours. *Light* for a sensitive flaky skin. *Heavy* for a thicker smooth skin. Both weights in Flesh, Naturelle, Rachel, Ochre, Suntan, Orchid, White. $1 in a glass box.

Your skin needs a professional treatment once a week

A Marinello operator knows how to prescribe for your skin just the corrective treatment it needs. The gentle electric current which she employs to supplement her massage—a unique feature of the Marinello method —stimulates the muscles to renewed elasticity and firmness. No wonder a Marinello facial treatment smoothes out wrinkles! Have one today.

Go to a Marinello Beauty Shop

A Shampoo Soap without free alkali

The new Marinello Shampoo Liquid contains no free alkali to dry the scalp and make the hair harsh. This Shampoo leaves the hair soft and lustrous. You can feel the difference after the first shampoo. Cleanses the hair kindly. $.50 a bottle

A real Skin Tonic

In contrast with other skin tonics, Marinello Skin Toning Lotion is free from alcohol, and so is not drying. It refreshes and tones the skin by invigorating the blood flow. Prevents flabbiness, dullness and wrinkles and corrects relaxed pores and coarseness. $1 a bottle.

Try this superlatively good Cold Cream

Marinello Combination Cold Cream cools the skin, softens and lubricates the skin, and contains also a slight bleach. Two sizes: $1 and $2.

A lipstick that is really permanent

With the Marinello Lipstick, your make-up will last all day. Spreads smoothly and evenly, keeps your lips soft. $1.

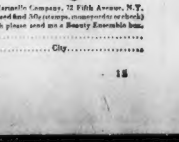
Use this for coarse pores

Marinello Astringent Lotion is a stronger lotion, for oiliness and coarse pores. Reduces flow of oil, contracts open pores, and refines a coarse-grained skin. $1 a bottle.

MARINELLO PRODUCTS

Try Our Introductory Home Facial Treatment Box

This week-end box contains five preparations, enough for several home facials, to introduce you to the quality of Marinello Products. Directions for facial in each box. Use the coupon to order now!



Marinello Company, 72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.
Enclosed find 50c (stamps, money-order or check) for which please send me a Beauty Ensemble box.
Your Name.....
(A2 address.....City.....

"I always use Betty Lou, because I consider quality in my powder puffs just as important as quality in my cosmetics."

Joan Crawford

Betty Lou POWDER PUFF 10¢

Four generous sizes—in White, Pink, Honeydew, Coral and Tuscanee
(In Sanitary Transparent Wrappers)

For sale exclusively at
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO
5 & 10¢ STORES

Sallow Skin Now White and Soft!

"I firmly believe that every woman could have, and should have, a white attractive skin," writes a user. "It is so easy to do away with the ugly blotches and sallowness by using Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. Almost overnight my own skin was changed so that I could hardly believe I was so attractive." Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today from your drug or department store. Put it on your face when you retire and when you arise tomorrow morning you'll see a magical change in your complexion. Money back if you are not satisfied.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

©1929 by American Weekly Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

Passion Island by Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 15)

In the grassy compound between the stockade and the hut several half-naked natives were squatting in the shade, and pigs and fowls were wandering around. The gate in the stockade stood open, but Joan noticed that it was guarded by a very self-important-looking warrior, clad in a torn and dirty European suit of drill several sizes too small for him, with an old-fashioned rifle on his shoulder, and by another warrior armed with a spear and carrying a shield. Blackbird Doyle and Kellock Howes were pacing to and fro, apparently engaged in a heated argument, for the little Cockney was gesticulating frequently and evidently emphasizing his arguments by thumping the palm of his left hand with his clenched right fist.

"I suppose they are deciding what to do with me," Joan reflected, with a sigh and a shrug. "It doesn't much matter, I suppose! Oh, why wasn't I drowned when the motorboat capsized? Death would have been a merciful relief, for there seems nothing left to live for now. I wonder what these scoundrels have decided?"

She saw that Doyle and Howes had apparently come to some agreement—at least, they had stopped, facing each other, and Doyle was nodding as if in assent.

They turned towards the house, and Joan, now feeling composed and mistress of herself again, hurriedly descended the ladder from the lookout to the room below, which she reached just as Doyle and Howes entered the door.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ransom.

"WELL, what have you decided to do about me?" inquired Joan.

The straightforward question seemed to take Doyle and Howes aback, for they exchanged glances and hesitated before replying.

"Well, y'see, miss, it's like this 'ere," began Howes. "Me and my pard—which is a' American expression for partner—we've bin talkin' things over—"

"Better leave the talking to me, Kellock," interrupted Doyle, stepping in front of Howes. "As a matter of fact, dear lady, we haven't exactly decided what to do about you in some respects. We require a little further information."

"Concerning what?" asked Joan.

"Concerning your charming self," Doyle answered. "Are you actually the wife of Hilary Sterling? If so, why did you tell me you did not want to return to him?"

It was Joan's turn to hesitate, for she could not decide how much to tell.

"I suppose I am Hilary Sterling's wife, but I—I hate him," she said, after a pause. "He kidnaped me and brought me to Murva against my will. I was trying to escape from him when the motorboat was wrecked. Help me to get away from here, to rejoin my friends, and I will pay you anything within reason," Joan begged. "I am rich and you can name your own price for saving me. I am Joan Allison. My father was Alistair Allison, a famous financier, of whom you may have heard, and I was cruising with the Vandeerings, who are American millionaires, in their yacht the Frisco Belle, when Hilary Sterling abducted me. Only help me to get back to the Frisco Belle, or take me to some place where I can cable or wireless to my friends, and I will gladly pay you £5,000."

"Five thousand quid! Blimey!" ejaculated Kellock Howes, and laughed harshly. "You ain't got it with yer, 'ave yer?"

"I swear I'm telling you the truth," said Joan earnestly. "I give you my word of honor I will pay you what I have promised if only you get me away from here. I will make the amount £10,000—five thousand each—if only you will help me."

"Make it a million and 'ave done with it," exclaimed Howes sarcastically. "Wot are yer tryin' for put across—a fairy tale of a novelette—eh? First yer start by sayin' you're Hilary Sterling's wife, then yer says yer name's Joan Allison and yer've bin kidnaped from a millionaire's yacht, and talkin' about ten thousand quid—and 'ere yer are in reach-me-down suit wot looks as if it 'ad come from a second-'and clothes stall in Petticoat Lane. Wot's the arrangement?"

"My dear Howes, I am surprised at your being skeptical concerning the accuracy of what Miss Allison—or should I say Mrs. Hilary Sterling?—has told us, even if it does sound like a chapter of a sensational novel," interposed Blackbird Doyle.

"I'll believe she's Sterling's missus and that she come 'ere with 'im, but the rest of it is gammon if yer ask me—and that's straight," said Howes. "Any'ow, it don't matter if she is worth millions. We can't take 'er back to no bloomin' millionaire yacht nor civerlisation, and yer knows it. If she's worth so much, Sterling will pay ter get 'er back."

"Did Sterling kidnap you because you are wealthy, with the idea of holding you to ransom or something of the sort?" Doyle asked Joan.

"No."

"Then I presume he must have abducted you because he was in love with you?"

"Yes—at least, he pretended to be in love with me, but he abducted me out of revenge—because he blamed me for causing the death of one of his friends and wanted to punish me."

"Humph! And his idea of punishing you was to marry you?" commented Doyle, with a sceptical smile. "Really, my dear lady, your story becomes more like a sensational novel than ever. Of course, I know that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, but—well—"

He paused with a shrug, and Howes sniggered.

"I know it sounds far-fetched, but it happens to be true," said Joan, flushing slightly. "Will you help me to get away?"

"Even if I were willing to speed the departure of such a charming guest, there are certain—er—difficulties," responded Doyle, polishing his nails. "We have no boats other than native canoes, and circumstances make it undesirable that we should have dealings with British or American officials."

"I was told there is a trading vessel expected within a few days," said Joan. "You could put me aboard that. If you do I will pay you the amount I have promised."

"Oh, wot's the use of talkin'!" broke in Kellock Howes impatiently. "Even if your yarn's true, you ain't got no money with yer, and yer can't expect me and Blackbird to risk our necks 'elpin' you on the off chance of gettin' something from you in the sweet bye-and-bye. You can't put this gammon across me, neither, about not wantin' ter go back to Sterling. I'll bet 'e wants yer back orl right, and we won't 'arf make 'im pay now, as I was sayin' to my pard Blackbird. We've got the strangle 'old on Mister bloomin' 'Ilary Sterling now!"

"Yes, and we'll use it!" exclaimed Doyle with sudden vehemence, showing his teeth. "Once we get the arrogant swine here I'll make him suffer!"

"Not 'arf!" added Howes, his scarred face twisting into an evil smile.

Joan listened with mingled feelings and apprehension in her heart. She hated the thought of being, as it were, sold back to Hilary Sterling, and reflected that he would probably taunt her afterwards with the fact that he had bought and paid for her, and that she was his property.

"What if Mr. Sterling refuses to ransom me?" she asked, outwardly calm.

"He won't be in a position to refuse anything by the time I'm through with him," said Doyle, still looking malignant. "If you hate him, I assure you that you'll be satisfied with the punishment he'll get. I have a little score to settle with Mr. Hilary Sterling."

"It's me that's taking the biggest risk, yer know, Blackbird, and I should get a bit extry out of it if I bring the thing orf," said Howes. "Ow do I know but wot 'e might shoot me on sight, like 's threatened 'e would, or take me prisoner and threaten ter kill me if you don't give 'im back 'is girl? Sterling ain't the sort of guy that's easily bluffed."

"You can make it plain to him that if he tries any tricks he will never see his girl again," said Doyle. "If you are afraid he may shoot at sight, send one of the natives on in advance when you get near his place, with a message informing him you are on a peaceful errand and have news of his wife. Better not take more than a couple of natives with you, or his spies and outposts may think you mean mischief."

"Seems ter me I'm runnin' orl the risk," grumbled Howes. "Wot chance shall I stand if I'm ambushed by some of Sterling's tribe before I gets to Ulava, and I've only got a couple of natives with me?"

"I've told you already that if you're carrying the totem sign that you are on a peaceful errand, all that can happen is that the outposts of the Ulava tribe will take you to Sterling. Of course, if you're funking the trip through the jungle, and you're afraid of Sterling—"

"I'm afraid of nothink on the face of the earth!" Howes interrupted. "You've got nothink on me, Blackbird, and I won't stand for bein' called a coward in front of a woman, if that's wot yer gettin' at. I've done dirty work for you before, and I've stood by you, ain't I. I could 'ave saved myself by givin' you away that time at—"

"My dear Howes, I was only chaffing," interposed Doyle hurriedly, in conciliatory tones. "I know you are afraid of nothing on earth, and that you know how to deal with Sterling."

"That's orl right then, Blackbird," said Howes, mollified. "I thought you was tryin' ter make out I was a jibber. I'll start for Ulava ter-morrer at sunrise."

Joan had listened with a feeling of utter helplessness. The best that could happen to her, apparently, was that she would be restored to Hilary Sterling if the latter paid the ransom demanded by Howes and Doyle. There was no possibility of escape. To run away from the "fortress" would inevitably mean recapture by the savages.

"What will happen to me if Hilary refuses to ransom me?" she wondered despairingly. "He may not want me back, and may leave me at the mercy of his enemies to complete his vengeance. Oh, I wish I were dead! I have nothing to live for now."

Night came, and Howes lit an oil lamp which he set on the table and helped a native woman to prepare a meal. Joan ate nothing except a little fruit. She was conscious of intense weariness, painfully aware that she was aching in every limb.

"I'll 'ave to turn in early as I 'ave to start for Ulava at daybreak," remarked Howes, lighting his pipe immediately he had finished his meal. "You'll let the girl 'ave your bed, I suppose, Blackbird?"

"Yes, Mrs. Sterling—or should I say Miss Allison?—can have my bed in the inner room," said Doyle, who had scarcely ever taken his eyes from Joan's face since reentering the hut. "It is not as palatial even as Hilary Sterling's bedroom, but you must remember this is the jungle."

"Thank you," said Joan, rising. "I will go to bed now if you will excuse me. Good night."

Doyle lit a candle for her, and she went into the inner room and closed the door. There was no lock or bolt, but the door could be made secure by a wooden bar dropped into staples, and Joan slipped the heavy bar into place, reflecting with a sigh of relief that she seemed to be safe for the night at least.

Despite her weariness and exhaustion, it was some time before she fell asleep. She lay listening to the rumble of the voices of the men in the outer room and the eerie cries of night birds flying around the hut, but at last she drifted into deep, dreamless slumber, from which she woke refreshed but still stiff and aching in every limb, to find the sun was shining.

Just for a few moments after opening her eyes Joan could not realize where she was and looked about in sleepy bewilderment. Then remembrance of the nightmare events of the previous day came flooding back and her brain cleared. She found it difficult to realize that it was barely twenty-four hours since she had embarked in the motorboat with Rena, for the sensations of a lifetime had been crammed into that brief period, and her normal, luxurious life seemed like a thing of the remote past.

"I suppose there is nothing for it but to try to see it through to the end," ruminated Joan, as she made her toilet. "I must try to be brave."

She undid the bar from the door and passed through into the outer room, to discover Blackbird Doyle seated in a rocking chair with his feet on the table, smoking a cheroot and with his hands clasped behind his head. He took his feet off the table at sight of Joan and got up from his chair, shaking his teeth through his beard in a smile.

"I hope you slept well," he said, regarding Joan in bold-eyed admiration. "You look even more beautiful than ever this morning."

"Thank you, I slept quite well, Mr. Doyle," responded Joan still formally. "Has Mr. Howes started for Ulava?"

"Yes, Kellock set off at sunrise, but it is doubtful if he will be able to make Ulava before nightfall, for it is hard going through the jungle," Doyle replied. "The chances are that he will reach Sterling's place until some time tomorrow, and will not be able to start back until the next morning, so we shall be alone together for three days at least."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1929, by Juanita Savage. All Rights Reserved.

Better let me carry you," Blackbird Doyle Said, and as He Spoke He Picked Joan Up in His Arms.

The Whirlpool by Olive Bradshaw

(Continued from Page 14)

He came to his feet, a wistful and sullen boy. His hopeless worship of Beth was a source of laughter and delight to the Cubbingtons.

"I thought I'd warn you," he said, with a painful smile. "So that you could take what steps you think best."

"Thank you, Bernard," Beth said. "You are very good."

She sat without moving for a long time. She was not so badly shaken as she might have expected. Yet Beth shrank. In the nest of luxury and pleasure which wrapped her, she had been living upon the Red Vandal's bounty. He could make her poor at a stroke. She had not known that. And now, apparently, he meant to make her poor. Why?

A flood of color deluged her white face. Before she knew it, she laughed.

"You blind little idiot! There's a reason. It's because he wants to marry you," she said to herself. "Didn't he say so? He thinks it's the only way of getting you."

There was a telephone before her. She stared at it with shining eyes, and then touched her breast with her hands. What was that bird of happiness which was singing somewhere deep within her, that sense of refuge and deep rest from everything she was frightened of?

While Travis watched her Beth picked up the receiver and called Roger Kindom's number. It was Kingdom's deep voice which answered. Beth pressed close to the instrument. She knew herself to be trembling.

"This is Beth Coniston. It's—it's business—I wish to speak of. You are selling out all your Hunyadi Copper, aren't you? I should like to come to see you about it."

She closed her eyes. What was he saying? It did not sound like Roger Kingdom's voice.

"I'm busy. I'm afraid I can't give you an appointment."

Beth crouched closer. The telephone at her lips was wet and dewy—as if she sent Kingdom a kiss, and thus wiped out the touch of Lucian Burke for ever.

"You are doing it to make me poor, aren't you? I wonder if you are willing to make terms. Have you—have you any suggestions?"

This time she held her breath. She could feel the beat of her pulse stifling her. What should she say when his answer "Marry me!" came?

"I have no terms to suggest," Roger Kingdom's voice said.

There was a click at the other end of the wire—then silence.

* * *

Lois, Lady Cubbington, tooled her little red coupe expertly to the curb and leaned out, with a soft scream or delight, from the window.

"Beth!" she exclaimed. "Or do my eyes deceive me? No, it is indeed the woman-hermit of St. James Square taking the air! How are you, my dear?"

She tumbled daintily out of the car, a fluffy picture of light-stockinged legs, cherry lips and velvet skin. The fashionable men and women who drifted languidly about Piccadilly this crisp winter morning, turned to smile at her.

Lois, Lady Cubbington, was a "sport," the brightest of the bright young people, equally at home with cocktails in a Mayfair drawing-room or hot-dogs at an all-night coffee-stall. This morning, she looked especially radiant and devil-may-care with her roguish almond-shaped eyes and sleepy smile; rather like a female Tempter. Beth Coniston thought, involuntarily.

"I'm all right," Beth tried to make her voice sound cold and indifferent. "Only—I've been taking things a little quietly of late."

Lois nodded.

"Thanks to that accursed Vandal," she said, calmly. "Do you think I don't know how he's been wrangling the Stock Exchange—if that's what giants of finance like him do—in order to bring a poor kid like you down? Gee, everybody knows it—all the Cub Crush anyway. Excuse me being personal, Beth, but you do look pretty moldy. Is it because Hunyadi has gone phut and you've no tin? Mike and I have no tin, neither. But we manage to enjoy life." Lois laughed. "Listen to me! All the time I know its because you and Lucian have quarreled. He's insane about you, Beth. You could make him marry you, even though you've no money. But it wouldn't be worth while with Lucian. You can keep him better, other ways—"

Lois was babbling on. A feeling of sick loneliness crept upon Beth as she listened. These were her only friends, Lois and her kind. She had no others. And, at least, though Lois was a butterfly, the fact that Hunyadi Copper was of no worth and she was nearly penniless, made no difference to her friendship. The Cubbingtons still wanted her.

She felt strangely calm about it all. In one week her income had dwindled to a hundred or two a year and the house in St. James Square was already in the auctioneers' hands. Whatever his purpose, Roger Kingdom had succeeded. If it had been his brutal desire to show his power over her, he had succeeded. What had he said? "You've got to get free of that glittering muck."

So he had left her to Lucian Burke. A feeling of cold passed through Beth.

"I must go, Lois," she said.

Lois shook her head. She caught Beth's hand.

"You must not, my dear," she said. "You shall lunch with Mike and me, instead. We want to help you."

"I don't want help!" answered Beth vehemently. But her lip quivered.

That shabby little hotel where she had gone to live. She had quitted St. James Square eagerly because it had seemed like a grim mausoleum. But the Hotel Vivaldi was worse, with its smell of cooking vegetables from morning to night, and its population of sour old women, who trod its threadbare carpets like ghosts, watching her every movement with furtive suspicion.

"All right, then!" Beth said, recklessly. "You're very good to me, Lois."

"Tushery!" answered Lois lightly, starting the car. "You're Our Beth. Gosh! Do you think the Cubs drop their friends when a bit of bad fortune strikes them? You've been moping because that Vandal has smote you hip and thigh. It's the Cubbington's battle, Beth. It's the Crush that he's siming at when he hits Our Beth, just to show his power. We'll show him!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1929, by Olive Bradshaw. All Rights Reserved.

Don't Risk Spoiling Your Social Life

With a Doubt Of Your Personal Cleanliness

That confidence of complete cleanliness, which means so much to a woman, may be yours with the proper practice of feminine hygiene.

The satisfaction of knowing you are dainty, fresh and clean comes at once with the use of Stirizol. It is easy and pleasant to use and also eliminates body odor quickly.

For more than twenty years Stirizol has proved its value. It is very soothing and healing—extremely effective—yet not harmful. The $2.00 jar of Stirizol Powder will make many quarts of solution of the strength best suited to your individual needs.

At Drug and Dept. Stores or direct from The Stirizol Co., 79 Water Street, Corning, N. Y.

STIRIZOL
VERY REFRESHING

FOR EARACHE

USE Earakine when colds settle in the ear. Relieves congestion, soothes inflamation—stops pain. A safe and effective remedy. At all drug stores—or by mail, 50 cents.

C. S. DENT & CO., Detroit, Mich.

EARAKINE

AIDS TO BEAUTY

Within the Reach of All

CLEAR, healthy skin and soft, lustrous hair are your best assets. They are so easy to lose through neglect, yet so easy to retain if you will only use Cuticura Preparations every day. The Soap cleanses, the Ointment heals and the Talcum imparts a pleasing fragrance.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sample each free.

Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 5T, Malden, Mass.

Summer doubles the need

for this *deodorizing* sanitary protection

IN summer . . . when danger of offense is so much greater . . . what a relief to know that Kotex completely deodorizes! What a relief to forget old fears and worries . . . to know there is no possibility of offense.

But there are other reasons why millions of women find Kotex absolutely essential in summer.

85% of hospitals use Kotex filler

Can you imagine any more eloquent tribute to Kotex than this? Surgeons in 85% of the hospitals in this country select Kotex filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for their patients! Not only for sanitary pads, but also for surgical dressings! This is the same, identical, Kotex-made Cellucotton.

Kotex is always light, cool, comfortable. It never loses its softness. It simply cannot pack. It is so very absorbent that weight and bulk are unnecessary. Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture! . . . 5 times more than the finest quality of absorbent cotton.

Kotex is non-detectable. The corners are rounded and tapered so no outline shows even under summer's filmiest frocks.

Women appreciate, too, the ease with which Kotex disposes. There's no more fuss and laundering. The layers of filler can easily be adjusted as needed. Kotex brings complete sanitary comfort to summer's most trying days. Obtainable everywhere.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1—Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

2—*Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.

3—*Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

4—*In hospitals* . . . Kotex is the identical material used practically exclusively by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

5—*Deodorizes*, safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store. Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

© 1929, by American Weekly Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Putting the "J" in Jellies and Jams

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"JARRING her own" is still a favorite summer sport of the homemaker and September brings round the Annual Jam Derby with winey blackberries, spicey crabapples, and luscious peaches leading as favorite entrants.

Whatever fruits she chooses, the same principles underlie all successful jelly making — the perfect jelly must be beautifully colored, transparent, and the mass of just the right consistency to quiver, not to flow; nor on the other hand to be sticky, tough or gummy; and above all it must cut easily and when cut it must sparkle!

What makes jelly jell? Fruit juices consist of fruit acids, sugar, flavor and a special starch called pectin. And it is this last that puts the jell in jelly! If pectin is present in the right amount, your fruit juice will become that semi-solid mass of deliciousness you so desire. No pectin, no jelly. Certain fruits have it in larger quantity than others, tart apples, unripe grapes, the white inner skins of oranges and lemons are rich in this particular ingredient so essential to jelly making.

Hence, the first step is to find out if your preferred fruit contains sufficient pectin, or if not to combine with those fruits which can supply it, thus, adding a proportion of crabapples, or under-ripe berries, or apples, or an extraction made by soaking the inner skins of citrus fruits over night will yield a pulp that should jell. A simple test to find out if pectin is present is: mix a little hot fruit juice (to which sugar has not been added) with an equal quantity of grain or ethyl alcohol. If a sufficient amount of pectin is present, a thick jelly-like mass will appear in the liquid. When fresh pectin cannot be secured, one may add the right proportion of pure pectin, which may be bought in a commercial bottled form and which still further simplifies jelly making.

Large fruits, as apples, quinces, etc., must be cooked in water to soften the cellulose fiber and release the fruit juices; while with soft berry fruits, grapes, etc., it is sufficient to continue mashing the pulp as it simmers until all juice is extracted. Once the fruit is reduced to a pulp, it is then strained and the same steps followed in every case. A flannel bag should be used, and the modern housewife employs a convenient upright stand supporting her bag on the table instead of the traditional broom handle over two chair backs! Wring the bag out of hot water before pouring in the juice which will thus more readily start to flow.

The juice thus dripped from the bag by its own pressure is spoken of as "Extraction No. 1" and makes the most perfect and finest jelly. Generally the pulp remaining in the kettle may be again covered with water, boiled and let drip, resulting in "Extraction No. 2," good but not quite as flavorful or richly colored. With either extraction heat the sugar before adding to the boiling juice which has been skimmed, so as not to retard the jellying by having to heat up a mass of cold sugar.

When do you add sugar—at the beginning, the middle or near the end of the boiling? Experiments seem to prove that the best moment is in the middle of the process, that is, after the juice has boiled about half the total period.

It is of the utmost importance to add just the proper amount of sugar. The old proportion is pound for pound but a new better ratio is 3 parts sugar to 4 parts juice. Do not make jelly for more than 6 glasses at once if you expect perfect consistency. Boil up small quantities at a time and repeat till all the juice is used.

How do you tell the jell? One of the best tests for that exact right moment is to watch for that point at which the boiling mass jells or "sheets off," or breaks off as a portion of it is allowed to drop from the stirring spoon. Long cooking both kills the pectin and makes the jelly coarse flavored and dark colored. About 10 minutes for tart jellies and not more than 30 minutes for less acid fruits is sufficient. Always make jellies on a sunshiny day, never on a rainy one, as the moisture effects the sugar and prevents its perfect rapid crystallization.

The final sealing must be carefully done. Pour actually boiling hot paraffin over the top in order to kill the mold and fermentation spores. However, let the jars or glasses stand open a day before sealing and remove any moisture that may appear.

A marmalade is practically a preserve where the pieces are in thin sections or strips, as in the familiar orange marmalade. A grapefruit marmalade is a novel variation, as is plum, apple, and pear combination; also orange and pineapple, pear and pineapple. If a marmalade is cooked to the point where the pieces are indistinguishable it becomes a jam, or if strained, a fruit butter.

Enamel utensils are best when working with all fruits. Everything that has been said about canning equipment applies equally here, that is, that all should be sterilized and in readiness before beginning work; that knives are sharp, bags clean and enough glasses and jars are on hand!

Variations—Apple Jelly No. 1. Add 1 to 2 teaspoons vanilla extract. No. 2. Add cut lemon or orange in thin slices to apple juice and remove before adding sugar. No. 3. Hold a lemon verbena or rose geranium leaf in jelly a few moments before pouring out. No. 4. Add crushed leaves and stalks from a bunch of mint, simmered 20 minutes then strained in 1 quart pure apple juice.

Combination Possibilities—Carrots, No. 1; carrot conserve. No. 2. Carrot marmalade. Pineapple No. 1, gooseberry and pineapple jam. No. 2, cherry and pineapple preserve. No. 3, pineapple conserve. Quinces, No. 1. quince and pumpkin preserve.

Cherry and Pineapple Preserve—5 quarts stoned cherries, 1 pineapple, shredded, or 2 cans crushed pineapple, 1 pound sugar to each pound fruit.

Simmer cherries and fresh fruit separately, until tender; then combine, add sugar, and cook slowly about 20 minutes. Seal in small fancy jars.

Green Pepper Jelly—1 quart apple juice, 2 green peppers, 8 red peppers, 3 cups sugar, green coloring.

Remove seeds and cut peppers in small strips. Let peppers stand in apple juice over night. Cook up 20 minutes, strain, add sugar. Let boil up, tint attractive green, and turn into hot sterilized glasses.

makes eyes dance

An application of *Murine* before going out in the evening gives the touch that charms. It adds sparkle and radiance to the eyes, and causes them to look larger than they are.

Murine is used by millions to beautify their eyes and to relieve irritation and strain caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust. Use it night and morning and have clear, bright, healthy eyes. 60 cents.

FREE *Ask at any beauty parlor or barber shop for a free application of Murine.*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Mapleine seasons meats!

Sliced ham a la Mapleine, smothered sausages, sausage apples and veal birds a la Mapleine—these are some of the distinctive meat dishes Mapleine makes possible. But how does one prepare them, you ask. We have printed special recipes for Mapleine-with-meats we'll rush to you on request. In the meantime, with every bottle of Mapleine there's a booklet with eleven specific recipes and suggestions for other uses. Nearly every grocer has Mapleine. 2 oz. only 35c. Or we'll send 1 oz. trial size anywhere in the world for 20c. Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 34, Seattle, Washington.

MAPLEINE *for Syrup—for Flavoring*

"It is with great pleasure that I express my admiration for MAYBELLINE which I have used for many years with most gratifying results. It is truly an indispensable toilet requisite by the means of which I look my best."
Sincerely, Irene Rich

For dark, long LASHES *instantly*

Irene Rich recommends genuine Maybelline

The natural expressiveness and charm of Irene Rich's eyes is accentuated and made to "register" by the lovely, dense fringes she makes of her lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier . . . Your eyes too have expressiveness and charm that can be brought out and made effective only by Maybelline. Millions of women in all parts of the world have found *Maybelline delightful, easy-to-use and perfectly harmless.* Try it. Just a brush stroke of either Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline and your Lashes will *instantly* appear darker, longer and more luxuriant.

Obtain Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline—Black or Brown at any toilet goods counter. The MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Solid Form

Liquid Form (Waterproof)

Maybelline *Eyelash Beautifier*

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Canteloupe.
Poached Eggs on Buttered Toast.	Whole Wheat Cereal.	Prepared Cereal.	Broiled Tomatoes.	Oatmeal.	Fried Egg Plant.	Broiled Bacon.
Coffee.	Toast, Bacon.	Frizzled Dried Beef.	Corn Oysters.	Toast.	Cucumber Sauce.	Scrambled Eggs.
Luncheon	Coffee.	Muffins.	Toast.	Coffee.	Reheated Rolls.	Rolls.
Succotash.	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	Coffee.
Whole Wheat	Creamed Tuna	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Corn and	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Gems.	Fish	Macaroni	Cheese	Pimiento	Tomato Omelet.	Cold Baked
Apple	with Peas.	Ravebit.	Souffle.	Pudding.	Quick Baking	Chicken.
Trifle.	Graham Bread.	Fresh Rolls.	Whole Wheat	Cucumber	Powder Biscuits.	Tomatoes.
Iced Tea.	Pineapple	Fruit Whip.	Tea Biscuit.	Salad.	Emergency	Sweet Pickles.
Dinner	Salad.	Oatmeal	Fruit Trifle.	Fruit Tarts.	Salad	Potato Chips.
(Company)	Iced Punch.	Cookies.	Iced Tea.	Iced Tea.	(Left-Overs).	Candy
Sardine	*Dinner*	Iced Tea.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Iced Tea.	Ice Cream.
Canapes.	Emergency Soup	*Dinner*	Cold Mutton.	Broiled	*Dinner*	Lightning Cake.
Jellied Veal.	(Left-Overs).	Shoulder of	Stuffed	Salmon	Hamburg	Iced Tea or
Mayonnaise	Braised Beef	Mutton.	Tomato	or Fresh Water	Steak.	Punch.
Dressing.	Balls.	Cream Sauce.	Salad.	Fish.	Scalloped	*Supper*
Stuffed	Brown Sauce.	Currant Jelly.	Banana Sponge	Potato Balls.	Sauce.	Potato Salad.
Green	Steamed Rice.	Steamed Rice.	with	Watercress	Buttered Lima	Cold Sliced
Pepper Salad.	Boiled Corn.	Stewed	Whipped	Salad.	Beans.	Liver Sausage.
One-Two-	Tomato Salad.	Tomatoes.	Cream and	French	Buttered Beets.	Reheated Rolls.
Three Dessert.	French Dressing.	Vegetable Salad.	Currant Jam.	Dressing.	Peach	Apple Sauce.
	Apple Pie.	Watermelon.	Delicate Cake.	Pineapple	Shortcake.	Cookies.
				Sherbet.		Iced Punch.

For the Hostess Who Plans Ahead

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Spiced Grapes.

PICK over and wash 7 pounds of grapes. Press pulp from skins. Simmer pulp until soft and then press through ricer or sieve to remove seeds. Add the pulp and the skins to 4 pounds of sugar, 1 pint of mild vinegar, 1-inch stick of cinnamon, 2 dozen cloves and 1 grated nutmeg. Simmer gently for 2 hours. Seal in sterilized jars.

Peach Pickles.

TO 6 pounds of peaches allow 3 pounds of sugar and 1 pint of vinegar, 1 tablespoon each, mace, allspice, and cinnamon, and 6 cloves. Tie the spices in a bag of cheesecloth. Boil the sugar, vinegar and spice bag until of syrup-like consistency. Add the peaches to the boiling syrup. As soon as peaches are tender remove from the syrup and place in sterilized jars. Continue cooking syrup until thick and pour while boiling hot over the peaches. Seal as usual.

End of Season Pickles.

SLICE 1 peck of green tomatoes and sprinkle with 1 cup of salt and let stand 24 hours. Drain brine from the tomatoes. Have ready 6 chopped green peppers, 3 quarts chopped onions, ¼ pound white mustard seed, 1 tablespoon cloves, 1 tablespoon allspice, 2 tablespoons cinnamon and 2 tablespoons ground celery seed. Arrange alternating layers of vegetables, seasoning each layer with the spices. Cover with vinegar and cook slowly until tender or about 2 hours. When pickle is almost done add 3 pounds brown sugar.

Chow Chow.

SLICE 2 quarts small green tomatoes and chop 12 small green cucumbers, 3 red peppers, 1 cauliflower, 2 bunches celery, 1 pint small onions, and 1 quart tender string beans. Sprinkle with salt. Let stand 24 hours. Drain thoroughly. Bring 1 gallon mild vinegar to boiling point with ¼ pound mustard seed, 2 ounces turmeric, ½ ounce allspice, ½ ounce pepper and 1 tablespoon cloves. Add vegetables and cook gently until soft. Seal in sterilized jars.

Spiced Crabapples.

SELECT 7 pounds of choice crabapples. If hard apples are used steam until slightly tender. If soft apples are used the steaming is not necessary. Press 2 or 3 cloves into each apple. Make a syrup of 3½ pounds sugar, 3 pounds vinegar and 2 cups water. Add a piece of cinnamon and the crabapples and cook until tender, but not broken. Remove the crabapples to sterilized jars. Continue cooking the syrup until thick and fill the jars to overflow.

Tarragon Vinegar.

PICK over and wash fresh tarragon leaves. Loosely fill a pint jar with the leaves. Fill with mild cider vinegar, cover and let stand in a sunny window three weeks. Strain.

Pear Ginger.

WASH, quarter and core 8 pounds of pears. Cut in small pieces. Add 4 pounds sugar and ¼ pound preserved ginger and let stand over night. In the morning add 4 thinly sliced lemons from which seeds have been removed. Cook slowly 3 hours. Seal in sterilized jars.

Quince Honey.

PARE and grate 6 choice quinces. To 1 pint boiling water add 5 pounds sugar. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add the grated quince pulp and cook about 20 minutes. Seal in sterilized jars.

Horseradish and Beet Relish (for Cold Meats).

FINELY chop 1 cup cold cooked beets. Add 3 tablespoons freshly grated horseradish root, 2 teaspoons powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

American Weekly Patterns

11 STERLING PLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A STYLISH FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL (6614). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material. For collar, vestee, belt and band cuffs of contrasting material ½ yard is required, 36 inches wide.

A DAINTY LITTLE PARTY DRESS (6621). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 3-year size will require 1¼ yards of 32-inch material and 14 yards of lace edging for trimming.

A PLEASING TEA GOWN DRESS (6604). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material.

A SMART HOUSE OR DAYTIME FROCK FOR THE WOMAN OF MATURE FIGURE (6367). The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 36, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size will require 5½ yards of 36-inch material. To face belt and plastron with contrasting material requires ⅝ yard 27 inches wide.

A CHARMING MODEL FOR A JUNIOR MISS (6615). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size with sleeves and berths will require 5 yards of material 39 inches wide. Without berths, 4¼ yards will be required.

BOY'S SUIT (6072). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material for the blouse and 1½ yards for the trousers.

GIRL'S DRESS (6560). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make dress with bolero and with long sleeves for a 10-year size requires 3½ yards of material 36 inches wide. Without sleeves, 2½ yards will be required. The waist portions of contrasting material require ⅝ yard 32 inches wide. Without bolero and sleeves, the dress will require 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. The neck bow requires ½ yard of ribbon and the sash 1½ yards of wider ribbon.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 25 cents in coin, to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARGAIN DAY.
TWO PATTERNS FOR 25 CENTS OR 15 CENTS EACH.

6614 .....Years | 6367 .....Bust
6621 .....Years | 6072 .....Years
6604 .....Bust | 6560 .....Years
6615 .....Years

Name .....
St. & No. .....
City & State .....

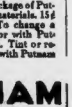
Send 10 cents in coin for our Up-to-Date Fall and Winter 1929-30 Book of Fashions, in colors, with comprehensive dressmaking suggestions.

Fashion prefers *this simpler way of tinting*

To produce delicate pastel shades required by fashion, the Putnam method is unequaled. Tinting is simpler, cleaner, more satisfactory when done with Putnam Tinting Fluid. Made in a moment. Just dissolve a package of Putnam Dye in a pint of boiling water—bottle it—use like bluing in cool rinsing water. Keep your favorite tints bottled—use indefinitely—same shade assured each time. No fear of streaking. Same package of Putnam tints or dyes all materials. 15¢ at your druggist's. To change a color remove old color with Putnam No-Kolor Bleach. Tint or re-dye the desired shade with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Send for new Revised Edition, "The Charm of Color"—beautifully illustrated booklet on dyeing, tinting, bleaching, etc.



FREE

Monroe Chemical Co.
Dept. H-9, Quincy, Ill.

Please send your free booklet to
Name .....
Address .....

"It sweeps *any* surface *easier*"

SWEEP the heavy chenille carpet in your living room . . . then take your new Bissell out and sweep the kitchen linoleum! You'll be amazed how the new, improved Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control can be used to sweep *any surface* now.

Women truly call this the greatest improvement ever made in the carpet sweeper. The brush on the new Bissell automatically adjusts itself to form proper contact with any surface. You scarcely have to "bear down" on the handle. This modern Bissell swiftly, thoroughly, gathers up ever bit of dirt, lint and other litter. It empties with a thumb pressure.

Why not move your old Bissell upstairs or discard it and get the benefit of this new model? The "Hi-Lo" feature costs no more. Ask any leading furniture, hardware, or department store for a demonstration.

A Bissell with the new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all "Cyco" models) costs only the price of a few brooms —$5.50 and up (50 cents more in West and South). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Address Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Hi-Lo" Brush Control doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half.

BISSELL SWEEPER with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

361 reasons why she is happy on her first birthday

This very good little girl with a curl right in the middle of her forehead is spanking clean from her topmost wisp to the tip of her rosy toes. She has just had an Ivory bath for the 361st time in her short life.

Lucky baby! Wise mother! Before this one-year-old was a week old, mother asked the doctor what soap to bathe her with. If he had advised a soap that cost a dollar a cake, mother would have stinted and saved to buy that soap. But he said, "You have Ivory in the house—use it. There's nothing gentler or finer than Ivory."

So when mother goes to the store, she marches right by the pink soaps and fancy soaps and dubious soaps that masquerade under the name of "castile." Mother says just as clear as clear, "Ivory soap, please!"

So this happy baby has never known what chafing and prickling mean! Indeed Ivory guards her comfort in two ways. It not only protects her skin, but it also provides the suds in which mother washes her clothes—keeping her woolens as soft as pussy ears and her rompers as fresh as spring flowers.

So congratulate the young lady who stares at her first birthday candle. Long after she graduates from rompers, she'll discover she can't outgrow Ivory. For when her face has become a "complexion" the doctor will warn her against expensive preparations that claim to clean the pores. He will say that she can use no gentler aid to loveliness than the deep-cleansing foam of this pure, fine soap.

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats"